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A GERMAN TALE.

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BY MR. SCHULTZ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

VOL. II.

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M A U R I C E

A GERMAN FABLE

BY M. SCHUBERT

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY J. H. WOOD

LONDON:

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MAURICE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

AN EXTASY.

SHE pressed me to her throbbing bosom, and with that powerful inexpressible charm, which, in the mouth of woman, always accompanies the expression of a heart overflowing with compassion, she said to me—*Dear Count are you better?*

The soft sound of her tender voice gave me the most lively emotion. A violent trembling, like that occasioned by a fever, was the consequence of these few words.

Had I even wished to reply, it had been impossible for me to utter a single

VOL. II.

B

syllable.

syllable. All my sensations were benumbed, so rapidly did they succeed, cross, thwart, and destroy one another. I was in such a situation from an excess of feeling, as to be completely lost in a state of insensibility; nor was any of those numberless sensations either powerful or lasting enough to unloose my tongue, which was almost glued to my mouth.

“ You don’t answer ? ” said she, in a fearful anxious tone. — “ I find — alas ! I must call for some assistance ! ”

This word *assistance*, drew me from my profound lethargy. Suddenly a consciousness of my present situation strongly recurred to my mind ; as quick as lightning I took her to my bosom, inflamed with the purest love.

As I pressed her to my heart, whose precipitated palpitations heaved my breast, I perceived in her right arm, which she had thrown round my waist, a sort of convulsive movement three or four times repeated ;
and

and the moment after, the same arm rested upon my shoulder.

She again muttered a few words which I could not understand; then suddenly snatching herself from my arms, she attempted to step backwards. I had then only hold of her hand, which I pressed to my heart with such force as seemed to run it through my breast; when she cried—

“ In the name of heaven!—Is it you? or——!”

And these words died upon her lips. This monosyllable, or, was but a faint tone, such as takes place of the voice, when the soul perceives that the tongue is going to speak an offensive or improper word; at which time the word, which was intended for a strong articulated expression, dropping at once into a light murmur, and hardly audible, dies upon the lips.

The moment she checked this her first idea, by means of another more natural and more proper, she came back to me,

and pressed my hand with a greater degree of eagerness. I took her again in my arms; she clasped me in hers; and thus interwoven, amidst the fondest embraces, cheek to cheek, devoured with the same fire, our hearts beating in unison, melted, as it were, into one, no longer forming different beings.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

STRENGTH AND COURAGE.

SUDDENLY the door bursting open with a great noise, Waller accompanied by his friend Rahm, rushed into the room. Amelia, who had half opened her eyes, closed them again directly, laying motionless upon the bed. I stood before her, with my fists clenched, and the muscles of my arms strung with force sufficient to tear up an oak. My looks fell now and then on Amelia, as they glanced rapidly from Waller to Rahm, and from Rahm to Waller, full of the frightful idea that the combat which was likely to happen would awake her too soon.

Rahm advancing a few steps, and raising the candle which he had in his hand, gazed at me with a fixed attention. Speechless from surprise and rage, he immediately

put down the candle upon the table, on which he laid his two hands. Sometimes the table shook with such violence as to seem ready to fall to pieces; sometimes it stood nearly unshaken, as the storm of passion which agitated Rahm increased or abated.

With the paleness of death on his face, Waller walked on tiptoe round his friend. At every motion of his body, I could hear the cracking of his ankles — *Oh! my poor wife!* — he cried at last, stretching his head towards the bed, whilst trembling, he rested his hand upon Rahm. As he advanced his head forward, I shewed him a threatening fist, and said — *She shall sleep eternally, rather than be awaked by you!* Such is the only clear idea that I recollect having had during this remarkable pantomime.

Attentive to every motion of Waller and his friend, whenever the latter appeared stirring, I felt every muscle of my body growing more and more convulsive. I stood
motionless;

motionless; my feet seemed as if chained to the floor, unshaken by the attacks of my opponent.

I cannot say how long we three stood in this position. Amelia raised her head, which she immediately buried in the pillow, crying out—God Almighty! what is all this?—I could only glance at her, Rahm taking the whole of my attention. A general glow crept through all my limbs, which proceeded from my fear, lest Amelia should again stir and repeat her exclamation. I felt myself affected by her plaintive voice, and my courage shaken by it. I wished not to hear it again.

Oh! help then!—cried the Count. These words from his trembling friend, greatly agitated Rahm, on whom he hung; and the table, on which the latter still supported himself, shook in such a manner as made me think it was going to pieces. For a little while Rahm kept his position, with his eyes stedfastly looking forwards;

then wildly turning them round the room, he seemed anxious to find something. My looks kept pace with his, and wherever he fixed his eyes I fixed mine. But if he happened to glance at Amelia, I immediately protected her with my whole body:—I will not have him even see my Amelia, thought I!—No, he shall not so much as look at her! As to touch her!—I would have crushed him under my feet!

At last he fixed his eyes on a corner of the room, where I observed a sword. Should I have got the start of him, and have seized it?—No, by no means! Taking advantage of the circumstance, the Count might have come near the bed. I therefore stood as if fixed to the spot. Rahm snatching himself away from the arms of Waller, ran to the sword, during which time I looked quickly round on every side. Methought the floor was giving way, and I wanted something that I might grasp at. I know nothing that could equal the rapidity of this despairing look,

look, nor how I could describe my feelings at this moment. As I was thus looking for assistance, I descried a pistol hanging at the head of the bed, which to see, grasp, and cock, did not require half a minute's time.

In the name of God, it is loaded!—exclaimed the Count, stretching his arm towards me; whilst he precipitated himself on Rahm, trying to snatch the sword from his hand.

I conjure you! my friend!—continued the Count. But Rahm drove him back with violence, when he again placed himself between him and me, his back towards me, and his two hands resting on the arms of Rahm, who with fire sparkling in his eyes, and his lips quivering with rage, looked fiercely in my face over his friend's shoulder, as he held the point of his sword to my breast, whilst I levelled my pistol at his forehead.

Thus we stood immoveable.—He did not advance upon me; nor could he have

done it: I also refrained from firing, for he did not lay his hands on Amelia! — This was the signal I waited for.

We were speechless: not a word had yet escaped from either of us. Nothing was heard but a whispering from our breasts, strongly agitated with the pangs of a stifled rage, and the crackling of the floor under our feet.

In this moment Amelia moved again, and exclaimed in the same manner as she had done before. At the sound of her voice we all started up as in concert. I thought I felt the muscles of my right arm slacken, and my strength instantly vanish: either I was fainting, or the courage of despair was rising in my heart. Suddenly I rushed on my opponents, with my left arm removing every object that was in my way, and with my right holding up my pistol to them; then seizing the Count by his waist, I raised him from the ground, and violently threw him on his friend. They both

both fell backwards. The sword went from the hand of Rahm; I threw away my pistol, and seizing each of them with one hand, I dragged them to the door, which I broke open with a single kick; then with the strength of a lion in my arms, and the rage of a tyger in my heart, bending myself against both, I thrust them out. The Count rolled down a few steps; whilst Rahm, who in this moment seemed as deprived of his senses, was left lying before the door, which I immediately bolted in triumph.

With as much composure as if nothing had happened, I approached the table; and after having tranquilly snuffed the candle, I sat myself on the bed, by the side of Amelia, when every moment I felt as if ready to burst into a loud fit of laughter.

Thus the most perfect calm often succeeds the most violent fit of rage; and *vice versa*. But I was not more than two minutes

utes in this situation. I was overcome, and had hardly any feeling in my arms and legs, which to move had been utterly impossible for me. At once my eyes closed: a deadly cold creeping through all my veins, deprived me of the use of my senses. I laid as lifeless.

CHAP.

C H A P III.

A DUMB CONFESSION.

How long I was in this situation I cannot say. Opening my eyes, I saw Amelia standing before me, with a candle in her hand.

Gracious heavens! he lives! cried she. The soft sound of her affecting voice still tingles in my ear. Half fainting, she dropt on a chair: I hastened to her assistance, and seizing one of her hands, as I pressed her mouth with my lips, she soon recovered.

Never, no never, shall I forget the look, which her eyes half opened faintly dropped upon me!—A sea of voluptuousness seemed to run from them, and overflow my fond heart with the fire of love. I dropt down on my knees; even now I feel not the least degree of shame at the recollection of
having

having thus humbled myself at her feet ; for that look, that celestial and heart winning look, deserved the adoration of man. Gently resting her right hand upon my shoulder, with her left she helped me to rise from my position.

O Lemberg ! dispel my uneasiness, said she, slowly taking my hand to her heart : speak, or I die in your arms.

Methought I was animated with a new life ; I found myself as raised above my ordinary powers, the thick cloud that had surrounded me, and kept back my natural energy, at once dissipated. I was now able to take a calm retrospect of what had passed, and see into future scenes : I could look at Amelia without trembling ; that sort of anxiety which before had pressed so heavy upon my heart, when thinking of her, was now succeeded by a gentle rational fondness. The same alteration seemed to have taken place in her sentiments ; her looks were no longer
any

any other than the expression of such uneasiness as is created by an extreme inquisitiveness, and her eyes repeatedly expressed her wish to receive an answer to what her mouth had just asked me.

I hastened to comply with her demand, and with an uncommon eloquence I related to her every event of this remarkable night, telling her how, with despair in my heart, I had walked several times round the house; how I had been met by the Count and introduced by him into her apartment; how I had fallen in her arms, deprived of my senses, and nearly of my existence.

Oh! I knew beyond a doubt, it was not Waller, cried Amelia. Scarcely this confession had escaped her lips, but she seemed utterly confused. Turning her face from me, she put her hands on her eyes, whilst the vivid blush of innocence glowed upon her cheeks.

You

You knew it!—You knew it!—cried I repeatedly. Oh! how did you come to know it?—I insisted, but she was obstinate in her silence. A long pause ensued, which was attended with no grievous circumstance: I held Amelia close to my bosom, her right hand resting upon my left shoulder, so that her fingers laid just on my heart, whilst with her left hand she pressed to her breast my right arm, surrounding her waist. To avoid my fond embraces she had, with a smile, laid her head on my left shoulder.

Oh! how happy I should have died in this position! a voluptuous heat pervading all my veins, glowed upon my cheeks, and on my lips; my heart was seized with a heavenly rapture; never was the most ardent imagination able to fancy an extasy equal to that which now lulled my soul into a delightful oblivion of every existing object. Heaven and earth had disappeared

disappeared from my sight ; I saw nothing, felt nothing but Amelia and myself, in the immense universe, which, to delight my senses, seemed to have adorned itself with the most brilliant colours.

The eyes of Amelia were filled with a stream of inexpressible delight, which gradually condensed itself into a single pellucid crystal drop, and fell trembling and glistening on her glowing cheek.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THE EXPLANATION.

FOR many hours longer we might have enjoyed this extatic heavenly situation, had it not been suddenly disturbed by a noise from the hall. Running to the door, I bent myself against it with more strength than was sufficient to have resisted the attacks of a giant. Soon the noise decreased, and I could hear people going down the stairs and talking in a low voice. They were the two friends, just raised from the ground. To-morrow morning every thing will be cleared, said the Count; pray, my dear, wait till that moment, otherwise it would create an uproar through the whole family.

Till the morning comes! cried I, running to Amelia. We may stay here undisturbed! O Amelia! be calm and joyful.

Saying

Saying these words I bounced about several times, at which she could not forbear laughing.

How we did forget ourselves! said she, reddening. Were we both to die to-morrow, I believe we should not even think of it! But dear friend, it is better in my opinion that—that—you should leave me.

At this proposal I was seized with a greater fright than I had ever experienced in my life. A cold sweat came over me. Ten naked swords drawn and put to my breast, would not have caused me such a trembling as I felt at this moment.

Perhaps she read in my looks the excess of anxiety which she had just raised in my soul; for she neither did insist nor answer a word, when I protested, *that never in my life, I would lose the sight of her.* As soon as day appears, I added, I will take care that your father shall be informed of the events of this night. He must decide, whether his daughter shall continue the
wife

wife of a man, so little sensible of what is honest, and of the indelible consequences of infamy, and then — I wanted resolution to say, what, in my opinion, should be the result. From the calmness of her looks, which from my hand slowly fell towards the floor, I concluded that she had understood my silence.

In the most delightful intimacy, we walked arm in arm round the room: she seemed to have recovered the power of speech.

Should you know, my dear Maurice! — I must give you that name, which brings to my mind the recollection of the happiest moments of my life. — Should you know how they surprized me! — Only three weeks have passed, since I was informed that I was to marry the Count; and ever since yesterday, this marriage —

Shall be dissolved! I eagerly interrupted: It shall be, I warrant you!

My mother, continued she, gave me
the

the first intelligence of my impending misfortune ; my father had received a letter from Countess Waller, in which, having first acknowledged the ancientness and high services of our family, she next informed him of the projects of her nephew, who, she said, had seen me at L * * *, adding that from this period, his most ardent wish had been to obtain my hand, and that with a noble title he was himself rich, and sole heir to his aunt, who idolized him.

You are not ignorant how much the heart of my kind father always was open to flattery, especially on the subject of his children, or his pedigree. Without spending his time in reflections on this occasion, even without consulting my inclination, he directly answered, that though he had no objection to the match, yet before he gave his consent, he wished to be a little acquainted with his future son-in-law. A few days after the Count being arrived, confirmed

firmed by his presence the favourable impression which had already been made on my father's mind by the letter from the Countess.

When I expected it the least, my father came into my room, leading the Count, whom he immediately introduced to me, as my intended husband: I was thunder struck. Alas! was this still wanting to complete my affliction? Several times I had seen you passing under my window; which, after such a long time, had awakened in my heart a recollection of the innocent sports of our former years.—O Lemberg! (she with a tender look dropt her head upon my shoulder.) You did not even so much as lift up your eyes to me! I wished so much to have a conversation with you;—to talk with you of the happiest hours of my life.

At first, supposing you did not know that I was at L***, I could not long resist my wish that you should be informed
of

of it. One day as you walked before the house (an officer was with you) I hastened to the window, which I opened, calling to you : *Mr. Lemberg, by what chance are you at L***?* when you hardly turned your head, or bowed to me from a distance; thus in vain I drew upon me the attention of every person in the street.

Amelia checked a tear that sprung from her eyes : mine were running in a stream. I would have attempted an apology, had I been able to utter a word.

From this moment, continued she, I conceived a spite against you, and my resentment was attended with still more anxiety, than my inquisitiveness had been hitherto. At first I kept myself constantly at the window, to let you know that I inhabited the same town as you; and since I was so constantly at it, that you might find I was angry with you. Your posterior conduct increased my uneasiness, for you did not honour me with a single look, you seemed as if afraid of meeting my eyes.

Such

Such was the situation of my heart, when my father arrived at L***. Every one in concert intreated me to accept the pretended good fortune that I was to have enjoyed, in my union with the Count. Every one, from the governess to the youngest boarder, extolled the degree of happiness which was intended for me. You are going to marry a Count! said one; what a fine dress you will have for your wedding, said another. Thus assailed on every side, surprized unawares, forgotten, perhaps disdained by the friend of my infancy, by him whom I should have forgotten the last.—

Forgotten! exclaimed I. Oh! I had not forgotten you! and one tear succeeding another, fell upon her hand, which I held closely pressed against my heart.

And to punish him—that ungrateful man!—concluded she, pointing to me with a smile: I have given my hand to the Count, and devoted myself to—wretchedness.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

CONTINUATION.

TO happiness! cried I; and my confident heart, from which this exclamation sprung, beat with joy at my being able to give her this assurance. Was it not plain from her words, that I was loved by her, and that she would not think herself happy, before she was disengaged with the Count, and had him replaced—by me? This seemed to me the most easy task in the world!

I cannot forbear smiling at the recollection of these trifling circumstances, passed in the most perfect innocence. Our little experience must be our excuse; for, in truth, we were but children; and as happy as we could possibly be.

Had I been able to have procured a messenger, continued Amelia, in a trium-

phant message, I would have informed you that I was going to marry a Count. Had you passed under my window, I would have left nothing untried, till you had been apprised of my situation—so great was my eagerness to let you know how very little I concerned myself about you. Thus disappointed in my revengeful project, I did not, however, lose every hope, on the wedding day, when I thought you could not fly from me. To me alone you are indebted for the many invitations that were sent to you: for I had resolved that you should be a witness to my marrying a Count since you—

Saying this, Amelia leering at me, nodded three or four times with her head, as children do, when falling out in their play they mean to say :—see ! I can play without you !

Yet as I heard that you were indisposed and unable to be present at the feast, all my good humour left me, and was succeeded

ed

ed by a cruel uneasiness. A thousand confused and melancholy ideas crowded into my mind. Sometimes I fancied that this feast had been contrived only to distress you, and even carried this folly to such a degree as to persuade myself, when I missed you, that the wedding should not take place : but what were my feelings, when I saw the minister come ! two or three times more I looked anxiously for your presence : and as you did not appear — oh Maurice ! I was on the point of screaming out and leaving the room. I could see nothing ; hear nothing ; all was darkness in my eyes : scarcely I had uttered the fatal oath, when I fainted away.

Every one hurried to my assistance. But for the whole day I could not recover any degree of calmness. Twenty times speaking to the Count, I was on the point of addressing him by the name of my dear Maurice ! twenty times these fatal words died on my faltering lips. Never had

the recollection of your person painted itself to my mind more strongly than in this moment, when I had just contracted an obligation ever to forget you. Alas! I was not able to silence my heart, my looks could not turn from your image, constantly present in my eyes. Several times my mother enquired into the cause of such melancholy silence on what she called the most glorious day of my life, and blamed me for alarming the Count by a ridiculous behaviour. An appearance of joy assumed by Waller, had not more sincerity than mine: he was laughed at by every one of the company.

Oh! how often did my eyes, drowned in tears, hunt after you among the croud of the guests and spectators! my resentment had now abated. It was no longer to triumph in your eyes, that I wished to see you, but to make you the confidant of my grief. Whenever I indulged myself in my sorrowful reflections, I thought I
heard

heard a voice whispering to me *let your heart be easy, you shall see him!* when my anxious looks again tried to meet you in the crowd; but in vain, always in vain!

The idea of the approaching night increased my perplexity: even my father, in a very improper manner, wished to accelerate the hour when the company was to separate. As often as I could do it without being noticed by others, I conjured him not to be so hasty; but he laughed at me and made a joke of my perplexed situation. Mean while the company insensibly grew thinner, till I was left alone with my mother and the Countess. A flood of tears ran down my cheeks; I sobbed loudly; neither their caresses nor their humorous jokes could avail to quiet my mind. In vain I begged they would grant me another day, they were inexorable and at last left me alone in the room.

My former situation is not to be com-

pared with that in which I now found myself. Every idea of comfort, every hope had left me. I had not the least prospect of avoiding my impending misfortune; my wretched heart, not to sink entirely under the weight of my sufferings, still clung to a chimera. I was like a delirious person, oh! my dear Maurice! could I hide something from you?—you had the greatest share in these ravings of despair: one moment, you made me forget my husband.

Yet this last, this melancholy consolation was soon taken from me. The Count entered the apartment, his perplexity was visible on his countenance, and his hand, which he offered me, still more trembling than my own. A gloomy sorrow sat on his brow; (at least I thought that I perceived it) and his lips, with which he attempted to press my hand, were as frozen. He pretended a violent pain in his head and complained of an intolerable

ble

ble heat; then he said no more: soon however having muttered a few unintelligible words, he put out all the candles: as he proceeded, I felt all hope vanishing away: till at last it nearly disappeared; not a little resembling the faint darkening of this lamp, placed on a table next to me. And when this being entirely exhausted, I found myself surrounded with total darkness—oh! Maurice! I lost even the remembrance of my deplorable situation.

I can only confusedly recollect that the Count now began again to complain of his head ache, and went out of the room under pretence of wanting a smelling bottle. Thus left alone and helpless in a strange, dark room, at a time when—Oh! Maurice! What a situation!—Every thing was dreadfully silent around me; I could perceive nothing but the precipitate beating of my distressed heart. In this terrifying condition I wished eagerly for the return of the Count. Every moment my

terror increased; I went groping to the door, which having found, I opened it, with as little noise as possible; when I heard some steps on the stairs: as the sound approached, I held forth my hand.—Oh! how different!—a burning hand now heated mine; a stronger breath; a steadier step;—a more animated gesture. All the transports of the Count were nothing to what I now met—I could judge it from my own feelings—But I wanted strength to call to my assistance, and courage to hesitate. An unaccountable sensation, a vague prospect filled my heart. My eyes saw nothing, but my hand could feel. It was not the Count that pressed me between his arms. Oh! it could not be him! But who then? whispered an interior voice; I combated this sort of reproach, saying to myself, with a conscious spite—no, it is not the Count! and it was Maurice! my dear Maurice!

I knew

I knew it, oh! I knew it! but how I came to know it, I am still unable to say.

Amelia tenderly dropt into my arms. As she pressed me in her own, the whole universe vanished like a dream. We were hovering in the skies.

CHAP. VI.

COUNTESS WALLER APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS
IN A MOMENT.

THE night passed on in these enchanting effusions of reciprocal tenderness, and a new ray of light illumined my soul. Till then I had little troubled myself with reflections on the past, perhaps less on what was to come. Now I began to prepare myself for the great events that were likely to happen, and tried to summon all my courage. Amelia's anxiety was beyond measure; even my assurance seemed to increase her terror; no doubt, from her not being able to imitate me.

Somebody knocked at the door, crying—Mr. Lemberg, you must open it! Amelia started up with fright: with the sword in my hand, I ran to the door, which

which being opened, the Countess Waller entered the room.

She had the appearance of a merchant who comes, with a smile, to tell his friend that he has just lost a trifle, for instance, a few thousand pounds, through a little speculation in which he has failed. Good morning to the three husbands wife! said she with a loud laugh, addressing Amelia. By means of this, continued she giving her a sealed paper, you will at once get rid of two of them—a Count and a Lieutenant—and be left in the possession of an Ensign! saying these last words, as she was going to the door, she had her faced turned to me, and her hand placed in a position as if to avoid a box on the ear; then she left the room, and went down the stairs in a fit of laughter. A moment after her carriage having passed under the windows, we soon lost sight of her ladyship.

CHAP. VII.

THEN IT IS YES!

THE paper was directed to Colonel Lehmnitz, the father of Amelia. I advised her to deliver it to him immediately; for from what had dropt from the Countess, I was too much concerned in its contents, not to be uneasy on that account. But Amelia wished that I would wait till her father came, as she was afraid lest she should be surprized by the Count. At length the Colonel came in accompanied by his wife.

No, said he as he opened the door, something strange must have happened in the night: I have been awaked several times, by a great noise in the house. Come, we must see!

As soon as he saw me, he stood petrified. But suddenly seizing my arm, and drawing

ing me to the window, he cried in a tone of rage.—What the devil! Maurice in his night gown!—in my daughter's room!—Tell me how!—Speak!—make haste!

His lady stood at a distance with her eyes fixed upon us. Amelia was as myself. Without uttering a word, I gave the parcel to the Colonel, who quickly opened it; when some pieces of paper fell on the floor. I picked them up, and as I tried to join them together, I found them to be a marriage contract that had been torn to pieces.

Confound it! cried the Colonel: confound it! trembling in all his limbs. Read, Jenny, read! added he putting the paper into the hands of his wife, who read as follows.

“Last night things have passed in the room of the new married couple, which no human tongue can disclose.”

Ah! my boy! cried the Colonel collaring me. Amelia gave a shriek, whilst
her

her mother attempted to get me away from his hands. Had he smothered me, I would not have resisted.

For god's sake ! exclaimed Mrs. Lehnitz, let him alone, at least until I have done reading !

No, cried he ; No ! and pressing me still closer, he shook me with such violence as threatened the dislocation of my jaw bone. His wife continued reading :

My nephew is taken occasionally with fits of insanity : this he shewed last night. Your daughter as well as young Lemberg may tell you."

Tell ! Tell ! exclaimed the Colonel out of patience, taking the hand of Amelia, whom he shook nearly as roughly as he had done me. Had he not ceased to treat her in this wild manner, I would certainly have interfered ; but he seemed at last to grow milder ; his hand, with which he held his daughter, gradually opening, he at last left her at liberty, holding only her arm, which

which he kept swinging. Is that true? asked he now and then of Amelia, who nodded her approbation, anxiously looking at her mother.

Whilst I was speaking, Louisa came into the room. What do you want? cried the Colonel to her in a severe tone. She slowly shut the door, with every mark of astonishment painted on her countenance.

When I had done speaking, he started up from his seat, and having walked through the room in a thoughtful air, he seized the pistol, and ran to the door. I ran after him, he went down the stairs, incessantly crying out: where is he? where shall I find him?

But no Count was to be found. Louisa running to meet us, said that he was gone. Gone! cried her father, taking hold of her. Why did you let him go? The poor girl was so dreadfully alarmed, as nearly to faint: the Colonel let her go, and stood a few moments immoveable in the same place;

place; till suddenly grasping my hand, which he shook in a terrible manner, he cried out: you say you dragged him out of the room? yes, replied I; and kicked him down stairs! then he seemed to recover a degree of calmness, and casting his eyes upon Louisa, who supported herself against a pillar, he took her by the hand, saying, in a caressing tone:—come, child; you must see and hear.

As we returned into the room, we found Amelia and her mother melting into tears. Read on! said the Colonel, throwing himself in a chair, with such violence as to put it out of joint.

“ May tell you.”

Zounds! that has already been read! cried he. She continued: “your daughter will live happier with an ensign, young and prudent, than with a Count, sickly and extravagant; therefore, I have sent you the marriage contract torn to pieces, and within a month you will receive

receive the act of divorce. Mean while I advise you not to say a word about this unpleasant circumstance: it is better to bury it in silence than make ourselves, especially your daughter, laughed at by the public. This is the reason of my suddenly leaving the place: I advise you to imitate my example, if you do not wish to draw upon you the attention of every body. I dissolve for ever the marriage contracted by my nephew, and you will be unjust if you wish to punish me for his follies. If he ever falls into your hands; which I much doubt, as he went on horse-back, an hour ago, and nobody knows which road he is gone, I am sure, knowing your sense of honor, that you will for ever cure him from taking a wife for the use of another. Farewell! once more I recommend to you the strictest secrecy—your own character and that of your daughter command it.

I would knock his brains out! cried
the

the Colonel: that he may depend upon! and if that—was not a woman—by G—! Now, Jenny, what do you think of that? continued he addressing his wife; this little fellow dragged them both out of the room? would you have believed it?

Yes, yes, he did! cried Amelia, with tears of joy trickling from her eyes. Mrs. Lehmnitz and Louisa were looking at me with astonishment. The most anxious curiosity was painted in every feature of the latter; but in this moment we were not able to answer any of her repeated questions.

But now, what is to be done? said Amelia's mother.

I wish you were—interrupted her husband: Don't you see that I am so perplexed, that I hardly yet know what has happened. How should I be able to say what is to come next. The devil! can't you indulge me with a moments reflection?

We

We will leave papa alone ! said Louisa eagerly, come Amelia ; you must tell me—

I will not have it ! exclaimed the Colonel. Louisa remained silent.

Apropos ! Jenny continued he, you must examine her, pointing to Amelia, if perhaps—if—I hope you understand me !—Go then ! you remember ;—when they were but so high !—

Mrs. Lehmnitz taking Amelia by the hand, led her into the next room. Louisa offered to follow them, but the door was shut upon her ; when she turned to the window, with her eyes bathed in tears.

The Colonel took me aside, and asked me in a low voice, now tell me, my friend !—has not the devil played some of his tricks ?

All my blood rose in my face : I trembled like a criminal.

Come, my good fellow !—if you dare not speak, only answer with a nod of your head, yes or no ! It could be but yes !

—Alas

—Alas to nod a negative! was utterly impossible—my head kept motionless.

I don't ask you to speak!—only nod!—you do not move!—then it is yes!—is it?—yes, yes! cried he suddenly, as he let me go: Jenny! Jenny! Come! you may come in!

Mrs. Lehmnitz returned with Amelia. He took her hand, which he put in mine. See Jenny! said he to his wife, two large tears dropping from his eyes; see! these two children must be united—they must!

They must—echoed Louisa jumping up to us.

To be sure! resumed the Colonel: have they not?—why, yes!—There is no other means than making her his wife. Has not Amelia confessed?—has she not told you that—that?—

Amelia stood rolling a corner of her handkerchief between her fingers: my eyes were fixed on the floor; and the trembling Louisa looked on the window.

CHAP

CHAP. VIII.

WILL THERE BE ANY BLOOD SPILT?

AN officer coming in, took us from this painful situation. He brought me a challenge from Lieutenant Rahm, who, said he, left it to my option either to meet him with a sword or a pistol. Such a message greatly alarmed Mrs. Lehmnitz as well as her daughters: as to the colonel, he could hardly command his joy. I will be his second! cried he: but tell Mr. Rahm, that brave men only fight with the broad sword: Let him be at * * * about nine o'clock, we will be sure to meet him: should this fellow (pointing at me) spare him too much, I will take care that he shall be satisfied. For, do you see (pointing to Amelia) this is my daughter. Please to tell him that from me.

He had scarcely spoken, when the three
women

women filled the room with their clamours. Have you forgotten, said the Colonel to his wife, that once I fought three Austrians together? and you, (to Amelia) that he alone has thrown those two fellows out of this room? I will not have you stun me again with your cries!

He directly dispatched his man for my regimentals and my sword. Mean while, he led me with him through the room, holding me close by the arm; and as we walked together, he listened to the complaints of the ladies, pressing me with more eagerness at every sigh he could hear from any of them, that it might not elcape my notice.

When my uniform was brought in, he helped me to put it on; then putting his watch on the table, every quarter of an hour that passed, he took care to mention it. At a quarter before nine, the horses were brought to the door, when the most pressing intreaties from his wife
and

and children could not avail to detain us a moment longer. In vain they clung alternately to me and to their father; honour calls me; don't be foolish children! this was the only consolation he offered them. However he kept another for Amelia; which he would not mention before he reached the foot of the stairs: He will bring you two fingers of his adversary, as a wedding compliment, said he to her. Do not you feel an anticipated satisfaction, child? but the child fainted. Without shewing any more concern about her, he took me by the hand, saying:—She is a coward! Come; I was not ferocious!

C H A P. IX.

ONLY TWO FINGERS AND IT WILL BE OVER!

MAURICE! said he as we rode on, upon recollection, it would not be amiss for you to nip off a couple of his fingers. Why should he have attempted to lay his hand on forbidden fruit. Mark that! (he made a certain motion with his hanger) if, when he does not expect it, you make this feint with your sword, his two fingers under the hilt will be uncovered; you may nip them at once: then, it is all over, and you become the best friends in the world.

Strange as it appeared to me, I was obliged to give him my word that I would take every means to cut two fingers of my adversary's hand. We arrived at * * *, where Rahm and his second soon met us.

At

At the sight of Rahm I could hardly command my rage. All the events of the preceding night recurred to my mind. I drew my sword with as much haste as a few hours before I had taken up the pistol. Rahm did the same. His sword wizzed over my head; we rushed at one another, thrust for thrust.

Remember what I told you! cried the Colonel, who never went from my side. The wedding present!

But I had not to contend with an unskilful fencer. Rahm attacked me with so much dexterity and vigour that another more experienced than I was, had hardly been able to bear the contest.

We observed the greatest silence, only interrupted by the Colonel, who, at each blow, kept calling to me—Maurice! Remember what I told you!

We had three assaults without any bloodshed. Bravo, bravo, my boys! repeatedly cried the old hussar, whilst we were

taking a short rest; but Maurice, remember what I told you!

The fourth assault was terrible. Rahm, by a last effort, seemed to have gathered all his strength. He came upon me with more precipitation than ever. Every time he struck at me, his fury increased; but as he charged me with redoubled vigour, he neglected parrying; till taking advantage of his lifting up his sword, in the attempt of cutting my head asunder, I jumped on one side, and gave him a cut on his arm; when his sword dyed with his blood, fell immediately from his hand.

Victory! cried the Colonel, stepping between us: all is right! Now you may shake hands: every thing is forgotten.

Rahm, with his face turned on the other side, presented me his left hand; and as the Colonel pushed me towards him, to give him the kiss of peace, he turned his head back, so that I could only kiss his ear.

For shame ! said the Colonel, twisting his handkerchief round the arm of the Lieutenant. The blood does every thing away—you must be reconciled ! Then he turned Rahm's face towards me, who embraced me with an affectionate smile, pressing me with his left arm, the old Colonel jumping up for joy. We then assisted the Lieutenant on his horse. He was returning to town accompanied by his second ; when the Colonel riding up to him :—my dear Rahm, said he as he joined him, to complete the business, you must come with me, and make it up with my daughter—for, you know, she was the most grievously injured by you !

At this proposal I felt my blood rise into my face. Spare me such a mortification, replied Rahm : on any other occasion you may dispose of me.

Then let it alone until another time, said the Colonel. But tell me, what is the reason why that other brute would not

sleep with my daughter? the devil! she is not so very ugly, though!

She is an angel answered Rahm. I felt displeased at this expression from his mouth.

But, continued he, do not ask for a long explanation at this moment. Waller would not have married your daughter, but for her portion. He had squandered away his fortune; that you might have easily known. Through a little blunder of Lemberg's his aunt got knowledge of you; nor could she ever have made a choice more suitable to her end: for you are the best natured man under the sun. As I just said, Waller had ruined himself during his stay at Paris; but still he had lost something more than his fortune: you understand what I mean. With regard to his wife, I was to have supplied this irrecoverable loss, whilst he enjoyed her fortune. Let this explanation be sufficient for you to day! when I
am

am well of my wound, I will beg leave to present you my respects at your house.

You shall be at the wedding! cried the Colonel. But mind how you behave! My daughter is—*forbidden fruit!*—Mark that!—Now, you may ride on, and have your wound properly taken care of.

Saying this he spurred on his horse; and we set off full gallop. We were received by the family with acclamations of joy. Amelia examined me from head to foot; and tears of pleasure were in her eyes, when she found that I was returned unhurt. Mean while her father having ordered the horses to be put to, they all got into the coach. I accompanied them no farther than the gate of * * * : the Colonel would not allow me to go beyond it. Amelia held her charming white hand to me out of the coach door; and her father cried to me:—within a month, my brave fellow! as soon as that old devil of B * * * shall have

sent me the act of divorce, I will let you know it: then mount your horse, and come to meet us.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the four weeks which Anne and I had been doomed to live distant from one another, our correspondence was extremely frequent. All this interval of time was to me an uninterrupted succession of pleasure and mental enjoyment: the effect of the quick love, and the dear-est hope. I was impatient to see again my Anna; and I counted the days, the hours, and the very minutes, each of which seemed to me as long as the time of our separation. At last, I was informed that she was

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

LOVE AND SUBORDINATION.

DURING the four weeks which Amelia and I had been doomed to live distant from one another, our correspondence was extremely frequent. All this interval of time was to me an uninterrupted succession of pleasure and mental enjoyment; the effect of the purest love, and the dearest hope. I was impatient to see again my Amelia; first I counted the days, then the hours, and the very minutes; each of which seemed to me as long as the whole time of our separation.

At last, I was informed that the act of

D 4

divorce

divorce had been obtained, and actually handed to the Colonel.

“Come, my dear Maurice! said Amelia in her last letter to me,—fly into my arms! I wish my eyes may be the first that see you, my arms the first that embrace you, my lips the first that rest on yours: I must be the first that breathe the soft breath from your mouth, and that you press against your heart. Therefore remember not to alight in the castle court, but at the garden door, where I shall wait for you. From thence we will run to my father’s room, then to my mother’s, then every where. I cannot sleep, before I have seen you; and when you are here, I know I shall not be able to sleep at all. Should you not arrive the day after to-morrow, between four and six, I must conclude either that you are dead, or that you have ceased to love

“Your

AMELIA.”

These

These few lines had a most uncommon effect upon my feelings. Twenty times, when I recollected that to saddle my horse required at least five minutes, I was tempted to set off on foot. Had not some officers stopped me, I would have gone without leave; in short I could not command my impatience.

I must be there between four and six! said I to the General, as I asked him for leave of absence; nor did I think I could have alledged more engaging motives to induce him to grant me the favour I so much wished for.

My dear Lemberg, it is likely that you cannot be there at the appointed time, said the old warrior with a smile; for he knew something of my adventure.

If one minute later, cried I, she will think I am either dead or unfaithful!

The motives of your journey are very much of a military man! replied the General. I suppose myself in your situation: at nine

D 5

o'clock.

o'clock to morrow morning your furlough shall be delivered to you.

I stood petrified. At nine o'clock to morrow morning! in seven hours time I must travel two and thirty leagues! impossible! No sooner had I made this calculation, than I turned back, with an intention to go to my lodging and directly set off without leave.

Hot headed young man! cried the General. I guess at your design! a soldier should know how to love and be obedient. Here is your furlough for six months: but you shall not receive it before six o'clock morrow. Now it rests with you either to stop or to go.

I got to the door in silence.

Tell John directly to get on horseback, added the General, and let him order fresh horses to be ready at every stage: you may make use of my name. As to yourself, remember that love should be as con-
descending

descending, as subordination has just been.
I wish you a pleasant journey!

He left me. For a long while my eyes followed him. I was lost in despair, and I wept through disappointment and impatience.

C H A P. II.

HE ARRIVES—AND SEES!

WHAT a terrible night I had to pass! my love contending with my duty, alternately triumphed over it, or was conquered by it. Nothing was left untried by my friends that could dispel my anxiety; but I could not be satisfied, before I heard the clock strike six, when the adjutant brought my furlough. In a moment I was on my horse, who for two hours had been waiting at the door, ready saddled and bridled.

Poor horse! cried my comrades; and I rode off full gallop. The ground shook under me; my hair and my horse's mane stood up whizzing. My mind was at the feet of Amelia, and my body thirty two leagues distant from her. Whenever this

idea

idea came uppermost, my poor horse was always the sufferer.

At every stage my name and the General's were carefully taken down, that we might be informed whether the horses had been returned safe or not; so on to the last stage, where I was obliged to buy the pony, the post master seeing that which had brought me to his house, drop before the door.

It wanted a quarter of an hour of four when I first descried the turrets of Lehmnitz castle. I nearly forgot what Amelia had so much insisted upon, to arrive at the garden door.

Within musket shot of the pailing, a hillock rises, that commands the whole gardens; the center of which is occupied by a terrace. On this I thought I perceived a woman descending in haste, after she had seen me coming down the hill. Who can she be but Amelia? said I to myself: she runs to meet me!

In

In a moment I was at the garden door, where, having tied my horse to a tree, I immediately entered. Amelia was not there! she had told me however that she would be at this door! I whispered within myself: following the walk that led up to the terrace—Neither was she there—Had she really been upon the terrace, thought I, she might have come twenty times to the garden door, before I reached it. At this moment I was seized with a violent pain in my head, caused by the air and the motion of my horse; but which as long as I had entertained any hopes of meeting Amelia at the appointed place, I had not been sensible of. A little Chinese temple was at the foot of the terrace: I approached it, and having chanced to look through a window, I saw—heaven! what a sight!

Amelia was sitting upon a sofa, with a man dressed in blue regimentals, who held her between his arms, his head resting

ing

ing on the bosom of the unfaithful creature, whilst they were amorously looking at one another. Now and then they turned smiling towards the window that was opposite to them. The man seemed to be still very young; nor were his features entirely unknown to me; but this was not a time for reflections.

No pen could describe, no pencil represent, no tongue express what I felt in this moment. Drawing my sword, I rushed into the temple; pierced the young man, who, as he stepped to me with a smile, only increased my fury; pushed away Amelia, who with a shriek hung to my neck, went out of this fatal place, crossed the garden, got upon my horse, and galloped away. This dreadful tragedy passed in less than two minutes, during which I experienced an inexpressible anxiety. Never has the imagination the most skilled in inventing new tortures, been able to con-

trive

trive any thing like what I felt on this occasion.

To what purpose had I nearly killed four horses? to find Amelia in the arms of another man!

Whenever this dreadful idea recurred to my mind, I shook my head slowly. My soul sunk under the weight of my grief: my tongue was parched up: I could hear nothing; and soon my wandering eyes could see nothing but the head of my horse, who galloped at random through the fields.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

How long it was before a degree of calmness returning to my mind enabled me to unravel this confusion of contrary sentiments that contended within me, I cannot say. Certain it is that it was very late in the evening, when tears began to stream from my eyes.

I was ignorant which way my horse had brought me; nor had I even thought of it had not a bough of a tree struck across my face. I was then in the middle of a thick coppice, which my horse strove to get his way through, probably from my having now and then unconsciously spurred him. Here I alighted, and here only I found how much I was exhausted by the pains I had just suffered both in my mind and body. I was not able to stand on my legs.

My

My horse stopped at a little distance from me, to appease his hunger by stripping the underwood of its young leaves.

I laid myself on the ground, my left hand supporting my head ; whilst with the other I took up a tuft of grass, which I flung from me. Not a sigh issued from my heart ; not a word from my lips : the source of my tears was dried up ; my silent sorrow centered in my soul. This single motion of my right hand was the only outward appearance it ever assumed.

Amelia in the arms of another ! This heart-rending image was incessantly before my eyes. Now and then it would give way to that of my rival weltering in his blood ; but this idea was not attended with such torturing pangs by far as the other.

It grew towards night. A violent storm had risen. The wind, which whistled among the branches of the trees that surrounded me, agitated their tops and shook them to their foundation. Large drops of
rain.

rain fell upon my hands and face. My horse scratched the ground up with his feet; cold and hunger made him neigh; whilst thick darkness covered the surrounding country, the whole creation was dark and gloomy as my soul.

The storm thus raging through the neighbouring country, greatly sympathised with the feelings of my heart. Wrapping myself up in my great coat, I hid my hands in my bosom, after I had covered my head with my handkerchief; and thus unmindful of the tempest, I laid my face on the ground. My soul, wrapped up in itself, began to contemplate with confidence the sad images which my imagination called to remembrance, and it seemed at length to be reconciled to them. That happy state of moral insensibility gave me time to consider what was to be done in future.

The thought of never seeing again the unfaithful Amelia made me shudder; yet her image was constantly before my eyes.

Should

Should I have returned to my quarters, raised astonishment in every one of my friends, exposed myself to their sarcasms, and a thousand painful unanswerable enquiries?—Rather have fled to the extremities of the world! I wished however that they might be informed how I had dealt with my rival; but on the other hand, the cowardly manner in which I had done it, was repugnant to my sense of honour: it raised a sentiment of shame in my breast; for I had attacked him unawares; and might have feared lest I should be despised and punished as a vile assassin.

Thus at last my indignation for an unfaithful woman, my pride humbled, fear of contempt, conscious shame, and that anxiety, the never failing attendant of a base action, drove me to the desperate resolution of flying for ever from my regiment, of entering even as a private, under a fictitious name, into the service of a foreign power, and thus baffle every pursuit of my friends.

I had

I had no sooner fixed upon this plan, than I arose from the ground with a view to accomplish it. Yet, where was I? which way had I come into this coppice? How could I get out of it? Thus perplexed, taking the mane of my horse, I set my foot in the stirrup, from which I took it in the same moment, resolved to wait till the day was come. Amidst this uncertainty, I heard the barking of a dog, which, from the noise, I concluded not to be very far distant. Leading my horse by the bridle, I tried to get as near as possible. As I walked through the coppice, the barking became louder, till I found myself in an open place, at the other end of which, through the thick leaves, I saw the faint light of a lamp.

Had I not been convinced of the impossibility of ever getting out of the wood, without the assistance of a guide, no consideration would have been able to persuade me to go towards the light, conscious as I
was

was that every stranger might see in my eyes all the particulars of my adventure; nor did I come to this resolution before I had wandered some time in the wood and uselessly sought for an outlet

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

OLD HANS.

ARRIVING at the house, I tremblingly knocked at the shutter. Who is there? cried a manly voice?

A traveller, who has lost his way, answered - I.

I am going to open the door. At the same time I heard the man jumping out of his bed.

For God's sake, cried a woman, my dear do not open it. Who knows who it is? They may be a great number, and murder us before we have time to call for any assistance.

The fears of this woman alarmed me to the last degree. She took me for an assassin! I almost determined again to return into the thickest part of the wood.

Probably the man was considering what
he

he was to do. I will take a blunderbuss and open the door, said he at last.

Give me the other, rejoined the woman.

I will have papa's hanger, cried a child.

The door was opened, and a tall man came out, with a blunderbuss in one hand and a lanthorn in the other. A woman half dressed, with her hair hanging loose about her head, was behind him; and at her side a child, who with one hand clung to his father, and with the other held a naked hanger.

The man renewed his question, to which I returned the same answer. My horse, which I held by the bridle, stretched his head forwards over my shoulder, and began to neigh in the same manner as horses generally do, when fodder is brought to them, or when they pass before an inn which they are used to. The man likewise looking forwards, brought his light to the horse's head. What! Old Hans! exclaimed he, speaking to the horse, without taking

taking any more notice of me—How did you chance to return here?

He said these words with an expression of joy equal to what a man feels at meeting again an old friend whom he thought dead a long while. Mama, poor Hans is returned, cried the child, running to him. Who could have expected it? said the mother, coming also to the horse. In vain I asked question after question: I could neither be heard nor get an answer. At the sight of Hans every fear had vanished. Indeed how could they have suspected the owner of so gentle a beast of being a robber? Unmindful of my impatience, they saw nothing, spoke of nothing but old Hans, till I left the bridle in the child's hand, who led him into the stable, his mother accompanying him with the lanthorn, which she took from her husband, whilst I followed the latter into the room.

Had not my Hans brought you, said the man, you could never have come to my

Vol. II.

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house.

house. I told him but last week to the postmaster at G * * *: Stay this night with us ; early to-morrow I will shew you the way out of the wood.

I had no alternative. After having briefly told him how I came to be the owner of Hans, I was informed by him that I was on the territory of A * *, not far from * * *, consequently twelve leagues from Lehmnitz and fourteen from L * * *.

The good man was fond of talking, but I took very little notice of what he said. Alas! was I able to divert my thoughts from my dreadful situation? My two hands supporting my head, I looked steadfastly, and soon ceased giving him any answer.

The gentleman is in a bad humour, said he to his wife, who being returned with her child, wanted to tell me that Hans was safe in the stable, and had plenty to eat. Let him be quiet, continued the man: however it would be right to bring something

thing for his supper, lest he should be hungry; and then you and the child will return to bed. It is two o'clock: I shall not go to bed any more.

The wife having brought a piece of bread, with butter and milk, went to bed, accompanied by her child; and her kind husband said to me—Sir, here is something to eat, if you be hungry, and there is a bed, if you have a mind to sleep. Looking at him with a thankful air, I presented my hand to him, but could neither speak nor eat, nor shut my eye lids to sleep.

As soon as it was day light, I prepared myself to set off. My hospitable landlord was already with old Hans, whom he had foddered and was going to curry. Without speaking a word, I took the saddle and bridle, which he snatched from my hands, saying, My good Sir, let me enjoy the satisfaction of saddling my dear Hans for the last time. Full of impatience, I went into the stable yard, for he again requested

me to wait at least another hour. For whose sake he made this request, is easily understood.

At length the poor man, finding that all his representations were useless, consented, not without some reluctance, to bring the horse from the stable. I jumped on his back, not observing that the yard door was so low, that it was impossible for me to pass under it. I was therefore obliged to alight, and lead my horse by the bridle, till I was on the road, where mounting again, I trotted away. Holla ! cried the man, do you know your way ? Saying this, he shook his head with a thoughtful air. Indeed I must have had a very strange appearance ; my demeanor was at least senseless. Let the reader suppose himself in my situation.

For more than an hour I was obliged to measure my pace by that of my guide ; which way of proceeding drove me to despair. I sweat through impatience, and
asked

him every minute whether I could not soon find the way without assistance? At last he answered me that I could; and my feet were already up to apply the spurs to my horse, when recollecting that I should have thanked the man, I took out my purse and offered him what came into my hand. He refused every thing, though I was so impatient to make him accept something, that I might the sooner leave him. Tired at last of his obstinate refusal, throwing him a handful of silver, I spurred on my horse and set off full speed. Now, cried he, it may be said that money pours down. Not minding his observation, I galloped on, without looking back. Adieu, Hans! cried he again in a louder tone, even forgetting to wish me a good journey.

C H A P. V.

A SPARK UNDER THE ASHES.

AFTER an hour's ride I got out of the coppice. The first person I met with shewed me the way to W.* * *. The high road on which I now was led to the gates of this town; but it was not my design to go into it.

My plan was already formed: I had determined to go into B * * * and enter into the service of * * *. To serve in a regiment of horse or foot, as a corporal or a private, was to me a matter of indifference, provided I fled from the enquiries of my friends. Oh! that I could have fled from myself!

Late in the evening I arrived near D * * *. I had rode almost all this way without stopping on the road, having scarcely allowed my horse time to eat a little fodder, and myself

myself to take some refreshment. I intended the same day to have reached the frontier of B * * * ; but overcome with fatigue, whilst sitting on a bench before a village inn, and indulging my melancholy reflections, I fell fast asleep ; and when I awoke the next morning, I found myself in the very same attitude in which I had fallen asleep. A calm so perfect now reigned in the bottom of my soul, that I began to think it had recovered its usual tranquillity ; and that I was for ever freed from those torturing thoughts, which, for a whole night and the succeeding day, had agitated my mind. Proceeding upon my journey, in less than half an hour I descried the town of D * * * ; which to avoid going through I went along narrow lanes, across fields, meadows, and sands, till I arrived at the same place, perhaps at the same ferry, on which I had crossed the Elbe, when in my younger years I fled from my father's servant, who had surprised me in the inn.

E 4

I had

I had scarcely rode on for the space of three hours, when I reached the frontiers of B * * * and then for the first time I recollected that I should not be suffered to pass on with my regimental dress, which to this moment I kept hidden under a green great coat. Having no passport I found it necessary to change my dress.

For this purpose entering into a wood that was before me ; I alighted from my horse behind a thicket ; where I began to tear the strings from my hat ; then took off my regimentals and laid down my sword. My heart was ready to burst ; and as often as I fixed my eyes on the coat I had just left, they were filled with tears. I put the whole into a hole which I carefully covered with sand, stones, and brushwood ; after which my hands clasped together, my eyes bathed in tears, and fixed on the place where I had just buried my regimentals, all my faculties being entirely taken up by the sensation of my grief,

grief, I stood a long while motionless; and at last bursting into sobs, I exclaimed:—Am I then cut off for ever of every hope of return?

I started—why! I repined for not being able to go back, whilst every obstacle came from myself!—I had travelled night and day to forget Amelia; yet her image had never been more present to me than at this moment. Present, I detested her; absent, I adored her! O Love, thou art the Phoenix that consumes itself, to rise again from its own ashes, and on fresh wings soar up in the air! Thou art the bird who, they say, feeds his young ones with his own substance! Thou art the very image of nature, which constantly stripping herself of her leaves, never ceases to shoot out fresh buds! Thy troubles are mere pleasure; thy pleasures mere trouble! Thou canst see with a band over thy eyes, but art blind, when they are open! Seldom consistent with thyself, under a thousand

E 5 different

different shapes, thou art either a tyrant, or a benevolent friend to the heart which thou hast conquered ! Thou art hope and despair ! honey and wormwood ! rest and inquietude ; life and death ! O love ! thou art all these together ; and canst unite all these extremes at pleasure in one look, one sigh, nay often—one tear !

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

MAURICE TURNS A HUNTSMAN.

ALL the torturing sentiments which, from the moment I had surpris'd Amelia in the arms of another man, had preyed upon my soul, now received fresh vigor, and as before vented themselves in jealousy, despair, indignation and sorrow, till overcome and silenced by the same arguments they all contributed to confirm me in my project never to see again the unfaithful creature, and fly for ever the country she inhabited.

Thus determined in my mind, I mounted my horse; but proceeded not at the same rate I had done the two preceding days.

Are we going the same road? called somebody behind me.

Turning my head back, I saw a gentleman

man rather advanced in years riding a beautiful English horse, followed by a groom, on horseback, who carried two guns.

May be! replied I.—I want to reach the country of B * * *.

Why! you are in it! said he with a smile, when I must have blushed as red as fire.

Are you a huntsman?

I am! answered I quickly, that I might prevent any other enquiry.

Do you want a place?

Yes, I do! I returned with an equal eagerness. The idea of hiring myself for a huntsman pleased me not a little. Probably my green great coat had induced him to ask me these questions.

How did you chance to come into this country?

I do not exactly recollect what I answered first: certain it is that there was not

not a word of truth in all the story that I told him.

I am the son of a poor game-keeper, said I; and have fled from my father's house, because they would force me to be a soldier. But, my flight having been secret, I have not been able to procure a passport and the necessary character to obtain a place. Therefore I am afraid I shall be obliged to enlist myself a soldier.

I know of nothing quicker at inventing an untruth than fear. In any other circumstance, I might have beat my head about for hours, before I had been able to have invented such a tale with any appearance of truth. Now I succeeded so well, that in a moment of time my anxiety abated in great measure.

Now and then the stranger fixed his eyes upon me with a visible attention. He seemed to be pleased with my countenance, and the whole appearance of my person. After an interval of silence, turning

turning again to me;—My lad ! said he ; it would be a great pity, that you should be a soldier against your inclination : will you enter my service, as a huntsman ?

It is but two years since I began to learn the business !—I answered with a wonderful presence of mind I was not aware of five or six minutes before.

That is no objection, replied he : old Toby will soon teach you what you do not yet know. Do you engage to be faithful and industrious ?

I do ! returned I presenting my hand to him. He smiled ; and I felt that thus forgetting the part I acted, occasioned my blood to rise on my face. An humble huntsman thus amicably presenting his hand to his master !—The blush that coloured my face increased in a great measure when I heard him say :—Very well ! you may ride behind me !—What were my feelings, when the groom in his turn held

held his hand to me, saying :—be welcome, my fellow servant.

Fortunately my master did not ask me any more questions concerning my own adventures, for in this moment, I should have spoiled every thing. In less than an hour we reached the castle of the Count, of whose title I was informed by my fellow servant.

C H A P. VII.

SITUATION OF MAURICE.

I SHUNNED society, and sought for every place where I might be silent and retired. Every day the Count asked me whether I was so naturally inclined to silence, when I answered him that I was.

All the servants, male and female, were constantly amazed and whispering to one another, as they looked at me. They were incessantly watching the wonderful huntsman who, scarcely eighteen years old, neither was seen gambling or drinking; had not as yet formed an amorous intrigue, either at the castle or any of the neighbouring villages; of whom old Toby, the Count's confidential man, said, that he was a good fellow! whom the Count himself always cited as an example of fidelity and attention to his duty; whose noble countenance

countenance and fresh complexion the Countess had praised; whom the governess had pronounced to have an air of *good breeding*; in short, of whom the Countess's maid, who also was her confidant, notwithstanding she had always declared her determined aversion for men, had sufficiently hinted that she liked him very well, and should not be ashamed of becoming his wife, could she ever resolve to marry.

All these circumstances united obtained me a degree of consequence and superiority, by no means suiting my inclination to retirement. Eagerly officious on my account they all wanted to force me into conversation, and, as they said, to cheer up my mind. Every one consulted me on his little family concerns; even the governess was so far condescending as to speak to me in French, since it had fallen from me that I understood the language; and the lady's maid, when she had put on a
new

new gown, never ceased skipping about me, till I had confessed that she had an exquisite taste in her manner of dressing. As to old Toby, who was a deep observer, he wondered at every thing he remarked, and used to tell me:—*Dear William! was not your father a game keeper, I should take him to be a great Lord!* At which ingenuous remark of Toby I could not help smiling; though I never answered it.

C H A P. VIII.

THE COUNT AND HIS FAMILY.

THE Count might be about fifty years of age. From a quarrelsome officer, he had become a desperate sportsman; as hot as pepper; but always ready to repair the many errors which his fiery disposition occasioned him to commit. Unacquainted with every kind of literature, he had not the least idea of what we call good breeding; but was not to be out done in practical forms, such as suited the individual disposition both of his body and mind. With as much obstinacy as rudeness he would maintain his opinion to the last, when he thought he had deeply studied the subject; and on the contrary would suffer himself to be instructed, as a child, in things which he did not know, and from which he thought he might receive
any

any advantage. Master at home, in every sense of the word, he was capricious to an excess in all things relating to his system of domestic economy. Having married his wife for no other end than of getting children of his blood, in every other respect, he little cared how she employed her time from morning to night.

The Countess was very young; nor had she been married longer than two months, when I entered into the service of her husband. The extreme disproportion in their age, still more, the whimsical life of the Count, must have made their union of a very singular nature. He was constantly rambling over the fields and the forests: she hardly ever went out of her room, where she endeavoured to *kill time*, as well as she could, either working, reading, or in the company of two young ladies, related to her husband. Once a week she received visits from the ladies of the neighbourhood, who always left her,
the

the moment the Count was known to be within the walls of the Castle ; and these visits she seldom returned ; for her husband could not bear that she should ever leave the house. How is it possible that so young and so amiable a woman should have accustomed herself to such melancholy sort of life ? I asked one day of old Toby. How ? said he. Because she was just taken from a boarding school at L * * * to be married to the Count ; because he allows her every thing she wishes for ; that she is the only woman to whom he pays any attention, and that he sleeps every night by her side.

It is easy to conceive that good old Toby was a shrewd old fellow.

The two young ladies I have just mentioned, were under the tuition of a governess, still in the prime of her life, who, in her turn, was directed by a fat well fed monk, whose employment was teaching the two young ladies their catechism, and instructing

structing the governess in the German tongue. Never did old Toby take his hat off in the presence of the monk, nor forget to *hem* several times when he met the governess. As I asked him the reason of this, he gave me to understand, that one day he had found his monkish reverence under the great bower, teaching his pupil how to conjugate the verb *ich liebe*, I love. It was just in the season when deer were rutting, added he.

I know a great deal more about these two personages, continued Toby; and only wait for a favourable opportunity to clear up some necessary matters: then I will disclose them to our master.

In general the family was divided into two parties; the one of the men, at the head of which was the Count himself; the other of the women, directed by the Countess. As a wise politician his reverence maintained himself equally with both parties.

C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

A RELAPSE.

I Had scarcely been a fortnight in the service of the Count, when the carrier from the next town brought a letter to the Countess, to whom, as I was the first person of the family that fell in his way, he desired me to deliver it.

Having chanced to cast my eyes on the direction—what were my sensations, when I thought it was the hand of Amelia! Like a smooth lake whose peaceful water is suddenly raised into boisterous waves by a stormy wind, my heart, which for a few days had been less agitated, lost in a moment this happy tranquillity, in which it gloried. The spark hid under the ashes soon burst into a violent blaze.

I was all in a tremble. Three times
the

the letter fell from my hands, and I took it up. Twenty times I read the direction, studying every word, every letter, every stroke; nor did I cease to examine it with the greatest attention, till it became a mere rag, and it was no longer possible for me to decypher any thing on it.

The messenger doubtless surprized at my proceeding, brought me to a sense of recollection, by requesting that I would immediately carry the letter, as he had not time to wait.

Remembering that a few minutes before I had seen the Countess into the garden, I ran to meet her, and delivered the letter into her hands, saying: here is a letter from Am——But from an excess of fearful agitation, I was prevented from speaking the latter part of the name of Amelia.

From whom? asked the Countess. Fortunately in this moment she kept her eyes fixed on the direction.

From the next town, I answered turning
away

with precipitation. As I was going, she called me back : I returned trembling.

William ! said she : I must have seen you some where, before you came into our service ?

A deadly cold spread itself all over my limbs. If so, I cannot say where ! replied I, at the same time moving a few steps backwards.

May be at L * * * ?

No—no ! cried I, it cannot be ; instantly running away, and waving my hand, as is generally done by a person who denies a truth when it ought to be affirmed. I thought this the most evincing proof that I had never been in the town of L * * *

All united in this day to plunge me into the greatest anxiety. For more than two hours, I was not able to persuade myself that I had been deceived by my imagination ; that the letter was not from Amelia, and that the Countess, when

she said she had seen me elsewhere, mistook me for another. Yet she pretends having seen me at L * * * ! impossible, I thought; for I do not recollect ever having met her in that place ! wonderful way of reasoning ! Moreover, I proved to myself that the letter was not from Amelia, upon this ground, that I had not known her arms ; not thinking that so intent on the direction, I had quite forgotten to look at the seal.

In the evening of the same day old Toby and I were sitting under a great elm, in the castle court. He spoke little, I spoke still less ; the lady's maid accosting us, began to engage in conversation. Old Toby bore her company, because she was a sensible girl, who used to cajole him ; and he had found that I was not displeased with her entertaining chat ; whilst on her part, she was not a little proud of being admitted into my company, as she was the only woman in the castle whose assiduities I had not yet discouraged. All her conversation

versation usually turned on love or marriage topics, only that she might have an opportunity to tell us for the thousandth time, that she felt no inclination either to love or marry.

This evening she entered into the subject of infidelity and the odd fancies of men in matters of love; of which she cited an example which completed the anxiety that had preyed upon my mind from the beginning of the day.

This morning, said she, the Countess received a letter from a friend of hers, with whom she has lived in a boarding school at L * * *.

At these words, all my blood ran cold. My mistress, continued she, gave me this letter to read; but it is so long, that I cannot remember it's contents. The young lady was passionately fond of a young man, by whom she thought herself adored; but a few days before the wedding was to have taken place, he arrived unexpectedly and

surprised her in the arms of her sister, whom he ran through with his sword; however the wound was not dangerous; after which he got again on his horse, and ever since nobody has been able to know where he has retired.

Hearing the word sister, I recovered my breath again; for I was certain that I had struck at a man; yet I did but little recover from my former uneasiness, all the other circumstances bearing too great resemblance to my adventure. The friend of the Countess had been a boarder at L * * * ; so had Amelia: the lover had surprised her a little before the wedding day; so had I: had got again on his horse, and fled nobody knew where; this was to a tittle a repetition of my own story. I ventured to ask her a number of questions, that I might hear the name of this friend and of the lover, with that of the place where this adventure had happened; but she could not gratify my curiosity

riosity, and confessed, that she had not read the letter, but had chanced to be in her lady's room when the latter was reciting it's contents to the governess. Besides, added she, if you wish to know more of this history, I will ask the Countess every thing about it, and you shall hear the rest.

Thus vexed in my mind, sometimes I was so perfectly convinced that the letter had come from Amelia, that I started from my place with a resolution to leave the castle this very evening; sometimes I found it so improbable, that I could not help laughing at my foolish credulity. I spent the whole night thus hesitating between these two contrary opinions, and it was not before the rising of the sun, that I could persuade myself that the letter was not from Amelia. For as long as surrounded with darkness, I could see but with the eyes of my soul, I had found it impossible to determine in the negative.

CHAP. X.

THE COUNT GOES UPON A JOURNEY.

NOW, it happened that the Count went upon a journey to W * * * for some family affairs : the Countess, as I heard it said, had wished to be one of his party, had he not been afraid of her becoming troublesome to him, in many respects. Dressing, receiving and returning visits, shewing himself in public, were so many things to which the Count was averse ; and which must necessarily have taken place, had he wished to introduce his wife to his family. He therefore left her at the castle. Had he been able to part with Toby he would have taken me with him ; but this old servant never quitted his master.

That he might make some figure at W * * * he took with him all his servants in livery, leaving at the castle only his wife,

wife, with her woman, his two young relations, and their governess. As to the friar, under the pretence of diverting the ladies, he hardly ever was out of the castle, where he was rather a favourite guest, because he could with a degree of perfection imitate—the crowing of a cock, and the barking of a dog.

Old Toby, before he set off, had charged me to keep a watchful eye on his reverence and the governess, whom he suspected the moment he could not be at their heels.

They themselves had long been aware that Toby was an incorruptible Argus. The more they feared him, the more polite and officious they were towards him; therefore the moment he was gone, they thought themselves at liberty to do as they liked. Every day they walked for whole hours together in the gardens, and their conversation always appeared somewhat important and mysterious.

A few days after the Count had been gone, as I was in the garden, employed in transplanting trees under the direction of the gardener, the monk, with the governess and the two young ladies came in; the latter were always obliged to walk on at least fifty paces before: when they were at a little distance from me, the monk, in the heat of their conversation pulling out his handkerchief, dropt from his pocket something shining, which I first took to be a key. I immediately picked it up; it was—a master key. Running after them, I offered him back this instrument, which might have given occasion to many suspicions. The governess turned pale and looked at the monk. It does not belong to me, said he, as he returned the key into my hands, with the most unconcerned appearance. I saw it fall from your pocket, as you took out your handkerchief, I answered.—Come! William, you are mistaken! said the governess in a trembling

trembling voice, leading away the friar;
upon which the hints I had received from
Toby strongly recurred to my mind, and
I put the key into my pocket.

CHAP. XI.

MAURICE'S ANXIETY.

DURING the absence of the Count, I tried every possible means to divert my mind, either by occupation or amusement; some times spending whole days in the diversion of the fields; sometimes in agriculture, when I assisted the gardener; sometimes also in fishing. The reading of French books, which the governess procured me from the Countess's library, did not a little contribute to my happiness; this was always however with the approbation of the Countess, who often said, that my zeal, my activity and good behaviour deserved that I should be distinguished from the rest of the servants; and that besides there was something in my person and manners, which made it impossible

impossible for her to use in my respect expressions of authority.

It seemed as if the Countess had been as desirous as any other person at the castle, to know every particular of my adventures. Whenever I passed before her, she fixed her eyes upon me with a visible attention; never omitting to tell me or those that happened to be near her, I would lay any thing that I have seen William the huntsman somewhere else; then she went on with a thoughtful air.

It is easy to suppose what must have been my uneasiness when I heard her speak in this manner. More than once I was tempted to leave the castle; yet I would not have done it secretly; and to have done it openly, was impossible, since I could not have alledged any probable reason for such proceeding.

My irresolution also proceeded from quite a different cause—I know that as soon as I am understood, I shall be laughed at

at—the same motive which at one time almost drove me from the castle, the next moment made me afraid to leave it. I trembled whenever the Countess happened to fix her eyes upon me with any degree of attention; yet I thought it would have given me some satisfaction to have been known by her. If she came into the garden, and observed us at work, the gardener and myself, I pretended some excuse to get away from her sight; though I wished for nothing so much as to be there, when I knew that she was going to walk out. I dreaded the idea of her corresponding with Amelia; yet I might have borne a mortal hatred to whoever had told me that they were not acquainted. What strange contradictions! How foolish I was!

Notwithstanding this, who is the reader that will lay the blame upon me? Not he, certainly who knows the effects of love, and the numberless recesses of the human heart.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

MURDER! MURDER!

IN the night of the tenth day that followed the departure of the Count, my spirits being agitated by a fresh consideration of my beautiful mistress, I found it impossible to close my eyes to sleep. A violent storm had risen; the wind shook all the windows; rain and hail poured down with a great noise on the roof; the weather cock creaked on the turret of the castle, and the dogs in their kennel, howled in a shocking manner. In vain, laying my head under the pillow, I anxiously expected that sleep would shut my eye-lids, my imagination, as boisterous as the winds, would not suffer me to rest.

Lifeless and impatient, I sat myself on my bed; when I thought I discovered a ray of light darting through my room and disappearing

disappearing in the same moment. I lodged on the ground floor, facing the staircase which led up to my master's apartment. Behind my room, a few steps led into the garden, the door of which I thought was opened, and even fancied was violently agitated by the wind, though I remembered having made it fast before I went to bed.

With a design to shut it again, I rose directly; and as I was covering myself with my great coat, another flash of light darted through the glass door of my room. I approached it and could see nothing. Surprised at this strange apparition, yet far from concluding any thing disastrous from it, I pressed down the latch of the door, which would not open. Notwithstanding I was nearly convinced that it was not locked, I went for the key, which when I tried, I found it was not, though I could not open it.

Whilst I thus used every effort to open
it,

it, I heard a piercing shriek. I bent myself with so much strength against the door, that it flew from its hinges and fell in the hall with a dreadful noise. I hastened up stairs, from whence I heard the repeated cries of Murder! murder! Then running into the apartment of the Countess, which I found open, I saw a light through the door of her bed-room, where a confused noise, still increased my anxiety.

I immediately opened it, and saw a woman nearly lay upon the bed of the Countess and busily employed in covering her head with pillows, and a man standing before a bureau from which he took handfuls of money, by the light of a dark lantern which was placed upon a table near him.

I rushed upon the woman to draw her backwards: she screamed out and at the same moment having received a wound in my right side, I was obliged to let her go, and fell senseless on the floor.

BOOK

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

FRESH WOUNDS.

UPON recovering my senses, I still found myself in the room of the Countess, laying on a sofa quite opposite to her bed. The two young ladies, with every sentiment of fear and concern on their countenance, were standing near me; the one holding a candle in her hand; the other presenting me a glass of water and a bottle of salts—He is still living! cried she, when she saw me opening my eyes. The Countess sat upon her bed.

Poor William! said she in a faint voice, stretching her hand towards me. I endeavoured to rise up to press her hand between

tween

tween mine, but fell without strength upon the sofa.

Her beautiful eyes, which she rested upon me, were streaming with tears.— They do not come! cried she with an emotion of fear and impatience, when she saw that the sofa was covered with blood.—Go, run, said she, to the biggest of the two ladies! see whether they are coming!

The young lady cast a look upon her, expressive of all the uneasiness this proposal created in her bosom: she dared not venture herself out of the bed-room. You both may go! added the Countess. Upon which keeping close to one another, and finding courage in their mutual fear, they went into the antichamber. They took the candle with them, and the room received no other light than from a night lamp.

The most expressive look, still wandered upon me from her eyes full of the tenderest compassion. She supported her head upon
her

her left hand ; whilst, with the other, stretched upon the blankets, she held a handkerchief. Her fair hair hung in a pleasing disorder, over her shoulders, hiding here and there, the charming outlines of her bosom, which, amidst her trouble and distress, being disengaged of its bonds, panted with a voluptuous movement.

Lost in the contemplation of the numberless charms, that offered themselves to my wondering eyes, I ceased to suffer, and unmindful of my wounds, I found that all my strength was returned. My soul had taken its seat in my eyes ; whilst in those of the Countess, a tear glistened, the silent and delicious interpreter of a heart too much distressed to preserve the power of speech. Every moment our eyes met and, alternatively turned away, as if afraid of one another.

Oh ! that she would another time stretch her hand to me !—Such was soon the only wish of my heart. I observed all her motions.

tions. She was not long before she lifted up her right hand; which gesture I interpreted in my favour, and suddenly walked up to her bed; when she started back, and laying her arm under the blanket, she wrapped herself up with it. Then turning my eyes from her, I fell back upon the sofa, where the recollection of my wounds and my debilitated situation, brought me again to a sense of my sufferings.

The two young ladies being returned, informed us that they had seen a lanthorn at a distance, and thought it likely that the gardener, the lady's maid and the surgeon were coming. Thanks to heaven! exclaimed the Countess, with an expression of the purest joy—poor William will not lose every drop of his blood.

This exclamation created in me the most lively emotion. I had gladly paid every one of her words with a new wound. I tried to shew her how sensible I was of the tender

tender concern she took in my fate; but my tongue refusing its office, I employed the silent language of my eyes, and she seemed to understand me.

Soon the surgeon arrived, accompanied with the maid and the gardener. I was brought down into my room, where the surgeon having inspected my wounds, pronounced them not to be of a dangerous nature: he even called them mere trifles; a candour seldom to be found with our modern physicians!

CHAP. II.

MAURICE IN DANGER.

I TRIED every possible means to send away the gardener, who had been ordered by the Countess to nurse me. But he would not listen to my intreaties. How importunate I found his wishes and cares! I felt no pain, was not sensible of my wounds; nor had ever been in a better state of health. In the eyes of the Countess I had recovered a degree of strength above the power of nature; like an elixir that gives immortality, her refreshing looks spread an invigorating balsam over my frame.

Fancying myself still sitting upon the sofa, quite opposite to her bed, the sound of her voice, when she exclaimed poor William! was still in my ear. Still I saw her beautiful head resting on her hand,
and

and the heavenly shape of her panting breast which partly covered with her waving hair and illumined by the faint unsteady light of the lamp, appeared of a purer white, and seemed to be the seat of voluptuousness.

Even supposing that Amelia had remained faithful, certain it is that in this moment, I had been far from thinking of her.

The more I hid myself under my pillow, the more these fantastical images impressed themselves on my mind; the more my imagination, (for reason had no share in it) became fertile in vain projects, all tending to procure myself the happiness of being again seated in the same manner, facing the Countess. Strange it is, though not beyond the limits of nature, that my most ardent wishes were restrained to the only circumstance that had once occasioned them.

Early the next morning the maid came
into

my room, sent by the Countess to enquire after my health. Dissembling my state of weakness, in a tone of voice that had nothing of an invalid, I told her that I was perfectly well, in want of nothing, and that I would directly get up!—Yet I trembled lest she should hesitate to think me so far recovered.

As for the Countess, replied the maid, she is very ill: I think she must keep her bed at least for three days.

Three days! three days! I repeatedly exclaimed in my astonishment; for I perfectly relied upon seeing her this very day, and for this reason I was so well, wanted for no assistance and wished immediately to get up. From this moment I became worse than I was a few minutes past; therefore I said to the maid that I did not expect that I should be able to recover my strength before three days.

And the Countess is afraid, interrupted she,

she, with tears in her eyes, that in three days you will not be alive.

What! cried I, sitting myself on my bed; what! shall not be alive! Am I not cured and full of vigour?

I attempted to jump out of my bed, but the gardener would not suffer it.

Oh! cried the woman, when a patient has lost sense of his sufferings, it is a sign that he is very near his end!

She wept and sobbed. The simplicity of her remark drove me to despair.

At this moment the doctor entered the room. After he had felt my pulse he pronounced that I should not be long without a fever and advised me to keep my mind, as much as possible, in a quiet situation; then accompanied with the maid he went up to the Countess.—Tell my mistress, said I to him, that I am perfectly well: then return to me, that I may know what answer she makes.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

H E S E E S H E R.

ON the third day finding myself quite well, I left my bed, notwithstanding any thing the doctor said to the contrary. In the afternoon the weather being extremely fine, he was obliged to allow me to take a walk into the garden, where I had been told that the Countess, now sufficiently recovered to be able to leave her room, would also take an airing. In this moment the doctor feeling my pulse, said that it was still very high and agitated; this I knew as well as he, but refused to allow it.

Going therefore into the garden, I had not been there more than five minutes, when I saw the Countess walking down the great walk accompanied by her maid proceeding towards us. It would be improper

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for us, said my leader, to stay any longer in this place—let us go back !

By his proposal, he eased my heart of a weight that pressed heavy upon it: for I felt exactly the same sensation, which I had formerly experienced, when in my famous excursion to L***, blindfold, I had so distinctly seen Amelia at her window.

I soon could hear the voice of the Countess behind me. She spoke louder than usual. Surely, I thought, that I might hear her !—yet I wanted resolution to turn back.

Doctor, why do you go so fast ? said she ; when it grieved me, that she had not addressed me the first.

We stopped and she came to us.

How is your patient ?

He answered : I stood silent and extremely displeased.

Will not walking do him harm ?

I do not think it will ; replied he.

She

She deigns not even to cast a single look upon me! said I to myself, my displeasure greatly increasing.

See, Madam, how pale poor William's face looks! exclaimed the maid. A sudden glow rose upon my cheeks; the Countess, who now cast her eyes upon me, became as red as I was.

Indeed, said she, he is very pale—extremely pale!—Then turning her head back she put her hand to her eye, as if something had got into it.—Have you told him? said she to her maid, after a short pause.

I?—No, Madam; did not you say you would tell him yourself.

Another time! replied the Countess, colouring again—I have not now—I must. Doctor! I am afraid it would be dangerous for him to stay longer in the air!

No, no, Madam! I can stay as long as you please! exclaimed I, fearing lest the doctor should interrupt the happiness I enjoyed.

enjoyed. How glad I was, that I had been able to speak these few words!

You must know, replied the Countess, that the governess and father Benedict have been arrested near the frontier. They are now confined in the prison of P * * *. I shall soon receive more particular information. They cannot avoid the punishment due to their criminal attempt—but, added she turning her eyes from me—it will not assist poor William in his recovery!

Oh! I am recovered! cried I in a paroxysm of joy.

Such magnanimity brings tears to my eyes! said she to her maid—Farewell, dear William!—I wish you soon entirely recovered! added she, after a short interval of silence: then she walked away, waving her right hand to me.

Nearly out of my senses, I ran to her and seizing her beautiful hand, I pressed it upon my heart, covered it with my kisses and—how should I know every thing

thing that I did in this moment of rapture!—On her burning cheeks I could read the expression of wonder and a gentle embarrassment. She had scarce withdrawn her hand, when passing into the next walk, she immediately disappeared. My eyes followed her as long as they could; till the leaves of the trees hiding her from my sight, I turned to the Doctor who looked at me astonished.—I am not well! said I—that I can easily believe; answered he, leading me out of the garden.

CHAP. IV.

A MISTAKE.

SCARCELY an hour passed, but the Countess sent her maid to enquire after my health, who repeatedly told me that the very thought of my sufferings greatly alarmed her mistress; that she was constantly asking what reward she could find proportionate to the service I had done her; and that I might require any thing I pleased since she had nothing too dear or too precious, but she was ready to grant me. Of this the Countess informed me by her confidant; yet when at our next meeting, I expected it to be confirmed from her own mouth, a simple enquiry about the state of my health, spoken by her with an air of the utmost indifference, was the only consolation she offered to my distressed heart.

If

If I was in your place, said once the maid to me, I know what reward I should request!

I do not wish for any, replied I.

One kiss! my dear William! One kiss! —Saying this she looked so sly and cunning, that my blood rose up to my face. I understand you! added she as she left me. You shall have it; I promise you, you shall; provided you—ask for it!

In this moment I made a very awkward appearance; my chief object being to hide under the veil of indifference every sign of the sudden joy and the most sanguine expectation that now filled my heart.

To what purpose should I attempt to deny it? my conscious pride insisted upon having observed something in the eyes of the Countess, which notwithstanding her apparent coolness, was nothing like the effect of indifference. That enchantress which by means either visible or invisible, but always with a despotic sway, imagination

nation compared, examined and interpreted in my favour every motion of the Countess. The movement of her eyes, of her lips, even of her fingers; the sound of her voice, its weakest tones; more or less stress she laid upon a word; in short, nothing escaped my fancy.

I was therefore perfectly convinced that the Countess, from this word of her confidential woman, wished me to conclude that in future I should not be so excessively shy; Yet I wanted courage to act from this conviction. I had however determined that the first time the Countess should mention a word of reward, I would be more forward and boldly ask the favour I so much wished for. It may be easily supposed how much this project, ready executed in my mind, made me content and happy.

Towards the evening Lisette sent to request me to walk up into her room. Although I had often times refused such invitations, I readily agreed to her proposal;

proposal; for a charming prospect was opened before my eyes. The apartment of the Countess was contiguous to Lisette's room. She might easily happen to have some orders to give to her maid—when she could not help seeing and addressing me. Would not this be a favourable opportunity to ask her for what she had commissioned her maid to offer me? Perhaps it was by her own commands that Lisette had invited me to her room.

Full of these ideas I hastened to her; nor could the cunning creature be at any trouble to explain this condescension, rather strange from me.

I had scarcely been five minutes with her, when the door opened, and the Countess came into the room. I rose precipitately.

I wish not to disturb you, said she to us in the most friendly tone of voice: besides you are so quiet, that I hardly

heard you!—I hope William is better to day?

Quite well, madam! answered I; and in reality I could not have been better than I thought myself at this moment.

William has never been ill! added the sprightly Lifette. A slight blush coloured the cheeks of the Countess. I was all over glowing.

He does not require even the smallest recompence! continued she.

I thought a pail of boiling water was pouring over my body. My hands and feet trembled.

I have mentioned one to him! then she coughed and leered at me, with a daring look; at the same time taking hold of my hand.

Shall I say, William?

A moment before I had wished for an opportunity to make my proposal to the Countess; now I had found it, and a dreadful anxiety would not suffer me to profit by it.

All

All his wishes are confined to—she led me towards the Countess, first pointing to her own lips then to mine.

Oh ! cried the Countess, with an air of disappointment, you may rely upon my consent ! As soon as the Count is returned, I will speak to him about it ; if William wants nothing else he may be sure of being satisfied.

Fully convinced that as well as I, she had understood the pantomime of Lisette, I attempted to seize her hand :—

Yes ! you may depend upon it ! cried she in a more animated tone, quickly withdrawing her hand : I pledge my word of honour for it, you shall be soon united. saying this she returned into her own room, whilst I—did not well know where I was. Lisette laughed as if she was mad.

United !—cried I, as recovering from a dream. What ! you and I united ?

Why not, dear William ? said she, bursting into a new fit of laughter. She offered

to take my hand, but I pushed her back with a degree of rudeness.

I am not in love with you ! cried I loud enough to be heard by the Countess :— I do not love you !—I will not marry you ! —I do not wish for a wife !—it was a mistake !

As I spoke thus, I went out of the room and hastened down stairs. But suddenly the cruel mistake of the Countess recurring again to my mind, I ran back into Lifette's room, crossed it frantick, and opening that of the Countess, I cried out as loud as I could : No, madam, you must not believe it ! I am not at all in love with Lifette ! then I shut the door and immediately returned below stairs.

How cruelly disappointed I had been ; when at the moment of gathering a delightful kiss from her rosy lips, instead of that I was solicited to marry a maid servant !

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

WHAT AN ACT OF HEROISM!

I WOULD have tried any thing to prove to the Countess, that it had never come into my thoughts to be in love with Liffette, still less to have asked her in marriage. Such a mistake put me out of all patience, but at the same time it inspired me with courage above all attempts. I was now actuated by love and honor, to which, when united, nothing becomes impossible.

Late in the evening of the same day, the finest that ever was; thoughtful and melancholy, as I was sitting in a little grove adjoining to the garden, a gentle evening breeze softly agitated the top of the trees, and made an agreeable rustling through their leaves over my head. Before me, an extensive pond was brightened
by

by the silver rays of the rising moon ; and on my side the chrystalline water of a purling stream seemed hastening to join it. Sometimes my eyes were fixed on the surface of the pond, or followed a few light clouds that now and then passed before the moon : sometimes I turned them on the diminutive waves of the rivulet, which dividing themselves into as many diamonds, hurried over one another, then being reunited, divided again with a murmuring sound, sometimes brisk and precipitated, sometimes slow and uniform.

This I saw, but only saw it. A soft melancholy occupied my thoughts and my mind was entirely taken up by the image of the Countess. Such as I saw her, when she made so strong an impression upon my senses.

Oh ! what should I not tell her, exclaimed I in my extasy, was I to meet her in this moment ! And suddenly I heard a noise behind me. When I turned my head,
the

the first object that offered itself to my sight was no other than—the Countess! Adieu bold projects! adieu rapturous fancies of an heated imagination!

Trembling I flew back and waited till she addressed me: her confusion seemed not to be less than mine.

Is not Lisette here? she said at last in a trembling voice.

Why should she? answered I quickly.

I thought she was! replied the Countess, with an air of studied indifference.

Now or never thought I.

Doubtless your ladyship thinks that I am in love with Lisette?

She smiled at these words, which I spoke not without the greatest difficulty.

No, said she; you spoke your sentiments in a manner too positive, not to make me alter my opinion upon that subject. Perhaps you thought that I wished to compel you. You were quite frantick!

Observe what a cruel misunderstanding!

Lisette

Lifette has since set me right !

The Countess wanted to laugh, but I soon found that she was no less confused and agitated than myself.

Lifette has said every thing—cried I, approaching nearer, and seizing her hand as she attempted to retire ; then she turned her head with as much caution as if already I had undertaken to gather on her lips the wished for reward. Observing this movement, I threw my arms round her waist, and took the most ardent kiss on her cheek—all this was done in the twinkling of an eye, during which methought I saw a third heaven opening over my head.

She tore herself from my arms in the most rapturous disorder, and hastening away from me : Ah ! William ! said she, had you not saved my life !—

What an act of heroism ! glorying in my triumph, I went to my room ; but my sleep was no less disturbed than it had been for several nights.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

THE COUNT RETURNS HOME.

WHETHER the Countess was not a partner with her confidential woman in all these little adventures, I could not be positive. Certain it is that with regard to the mistake, Lisette had sported with us; but I could not entirely attribute to mere hazard our meeting on the side of the pond; for the Countess never walked alone in the gardens, even in the day time, much less in the evening. From some mysterious hints dropped by Lisette I was even apprehensive that she might have been informed in some measure of my glorious triumph. Be it as it may, they both conducted themselves as profound politicians; the Countess acting the part of a well bred woman, desirous of preserving her honor, and conscious of the dignity of her sex and rank :
her

her confidant behaving as a sensible experienced person, entirely devoted to the interest of her mistress.

Let it not be supposed that I was soon able to make all these reflections. My heart and head were too much inflamed to suffer me to reflect at all.

The constant and repeated efforts I used to overcome my passion, were but means which added to its power. Incessantly trying to meet the Countess, I fled from her sight, when I had found her: If I spoke to her, I trembled; and still trembled when I met her in silence. My first wish having been obtained, became the source of a multitude of others. This first kiss had kindled in my veins a devouring flame, that wasted me by degrees and threatened my entire dissolution.

Such was my situation, when the Count returned. He would have hugged me in his arms, and perplexed me by his kind offers. Ah! What higher recompence
~ had

had it been in his power to offer me, than that which I had already found on the lips of his lady? At least, you might, said old Toby to me, ask for the place of the first huntsman to his lordship?

Since the Count had returned, I found it impossible to see the Countess and converse with her as often as I did before. She was ever engaged with her husband, and I with old Toby. Notwithstanding the master and his old servant sometimes spent a whole day in their field sport, the rest of the family were never absent from the castle. Besides my wound was visibly healing, and the time was not far distant when I must have returned to my duty of a huntsman.

This was not all. I was informed by Lisette, that an intimate friend of the Countess was actually coming to visit her and spend the whole summer at the castle, perhaps even the ensuing autumn, as things may

may turn out, added she, with a mysterious air; that having lived together at L*** in the greatest intimacy, they doubtless would be inseparable. The account of this lady is somewhat strange, continued she with a blush; nor is it proper for me to repeat what I have heard say about her. An apartment will be taken for her reception at R***; a town in the neighbourhood—for this reason, that—(putting her hand upon her eyes) a reputed man midwife lives there.

I hardly listened to this tale of Lisette, being much more intent upon the obstacles that were to oppose my love, than the circumstances from which they were to proceed. Thus fettered and impeded from every quarter, my passion became more and more unconquerable. Like a wasteful torrent, it threatened every moment to break its barriers.

For three days that had followed the return

turn of the Count, I had not been able to find an opportunity to speak to the Countess. How many different projects I had formed during these three eternities ! every hour I went down into the garden, and began to work either with a spade or rake under the windows of her room ; when the whole extent of my happiness went no farther than accidentally seeing her. Formerly, said I, in a moment of impatience, she would sometimes speak to me from this window ; now she turns her back upon me, the moment she sees I am here !

I am afraid I then interpreted her behaviour in a very wrong light.

In the morning of the fourth day, the Count being out a hunting, and old Toby employed in catching birds, I saw Lisette carrying her lady's breakfast into the garden. Immediately I went there and began to pick a nosegay, that I might have a pretence to wait for the Countess.

She

She was not long before she made her appearance ; and unperceived by her I went towards the bower where her breakfast had just been brought. I was met by Lisette, who told me she was going after Toby, who had promised to catch a blackbird for the Countess.

Shewing her my nosegay, I asked her whether she would give it to her mistress ! Give it her yourself ! said she without stopping. To speak the truth it would have grieved me to the heart, had she accepted of the commission.

With much hesitation, I entered into the bower, which was very thick, and closed on every side. The Countess was at the farthest end. Unable to speak a word, I presented my nosegay.

Dear William, is it for me ?

For you, madam !—These flowers—I plucked—with my own hands—

You must have stripped a whole bed !

Not

Not one have I left, which I thought worthy of your acceptance !

A pause ensued. We both experienced an equal degree of perplexity. She kept smelling the flowers, at least for the sake of appearance. I wished to speak but could not find words.

My dear William ! you are in the habit of giving much—very much !

Say too little, Madam——always too little !

Do you call little the danger of a threatening death ?

She smiled, and tears glistened in her eyes—alas ! remember !

To save a life that has no price in my eyes !

Dear, dear William ! I threw myself at her feet. My looks, which tried to meet her's succeeded in their attempt. My soul had taken her seat in my eyes. This was the moment, when two hearts in equal rapture, leaving their mortal existence,
and

and confounding their faculties, become for ever united ; when our eyes, our lips, every sinew, every fibre and artery cry in a forcible tone—I love you ! I love you ! whilst the mouth alone observes an uninterrupted silence. O tongue, penurious tongue ! where canst thou find words expressive of such a moment ? How unequal the pencil of man would be to describe these raptures of a flaming soul, when forcibly hurried into the bosom of voluptuousness !

Suddenly I heard a deep sigh from somebody behind me ; a bird flying into the bower, fluttered among the leaves of the trees. Rising up with an anxious precipitation, I found myself facing old Toby. The Countess fainting at his sight, dropt senseless upon the ground.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

FRIENDSHIP AND DUTY.

MY dear Toby!—cried I, not being able to find another word.

I am no longer your dear Toby! said he turning from me,—you are no longer my dear William! As I wanted to detain him, he made an effort and snatched himself from my arms.

See! see!—cried I, pointing to the Countess.—Oh! give her your assistance!

Give her your own! said he with an air of indignation, hastening away from the place.

Divided between fear and anxiety, love and compassion, I ran to the Countess, and poured over her face a glass of cold water which Lisette had brought with the chocolate. She soon opened her eyes.

Vol. II.

H

Heavens!

Heavens! cried she, what will become of me!—he is going to inform the Count!

In this moment, Lisette entered the bower.

For god's sake!—help us!—give her your assistance!—said I in a stifled voice. I could hardly fetch my breath: my words faltered on my lips. I ran after old Toby, whom I met, with tears in his eyes and the paleness of death in his face. I offered to take his hand.

Ah! William! said he with a deep sigh, tears dropping down his grey beard,—Were you a base, contemptible being; how gladly I should perform my duty! He stopped, clasped his hands with a degree of vehemence, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

Yes!—cried he after a short pause:—yes, he must be informed!—alas! I dare not be silent!

Toby! cried I embracing him, and pressing him to my heart,—my dear Toby!

He

He disengaged himself from my arms : for a long while his sobs would not suffer him to speak.

Though you were a poacher ! said he at last—yes, I should have courage to dissemble.

His sighs redoubled.

But, an attempt upon the honour of my Lord !—No, I can no longer see you—be gone from my sight !

My dear Toby ! cried I ; if not for the sake of me, spare at least your poor mistress !

He was struck at this request. I bathed his right hand with my tears, whilst with the other he kept wiping off his own.

Heavens ! cried he, dropping his head upon his shoulder—I cannot, dare not be silent !

Ask any thing you please, said I, from the Countess and myself ; you shall immediately obtain it. Tell me what I can do for you, I shall have no rest before you

are satisfied. Do you wish for a fortune, that may enrich yourself and all your family? speak; in a moment I will put into your hands every thing the Countess may be possessed of!

What! cried he, his looks animated with anger—Do you expect to seduce me with gold? saying this he thrust me from him.

O William! added he in a milder tone, I had rather you had pierced my heart with your knife, than have heard such an infamous proposal from your mouth!

We had insensibly reached the door of his room, where he entered. I wanted to follow him, but he shut the door upon me and bolted himself in.

C H A P. VIII.

MAURICE ATTEMPTS TO FORCE THE DOOR.

I Dared not venture to make a noise at the door, lest it should bring the other servants. Entirely taken up by a melancholy despair, I went back into the garden, where I saw Lisette at the feet of her mistress, to whom I heard that she was saying the following words—O god ! How came I to miss that cursed spy ; he must have passed on one side, whilst I was watching on another ! she rose up the moment she saw me coming ; and the Countess, notwithstanding the extreme fright she was in, could not forbear colouring.

He will betray us !—cried I—no hope is left for us ! the Countess fainted again. I walked several times across the bower. Every sentiment of fear and despair, caused

by the certainty of an unavoidable ruin, united to take away my reason. I no longer knew myself.

In this moment of despondency, a tarrier, the favorite dog of the Count, came sniffing at the entrance of the bower, and immediately darted back. He gave us notice that his master was coming.

In a moment the Countess recovered from her swoon, the eyes of Lisette were dried ; and I became as nimble and chearful as ever. Now the sensation of fear was succeeded by another still more powerful ; and this state of stupor lasted long enough to prevent the Count from noticing the violent agitation we were in. Having spoken a few words with the Countess, he left her, and as he asked me what was my business in this place, I answered with the highest degree of assurance : Toby just let a blackbird go : I wanted to catch it again, but it flew off.

The Count left us without speaking a word.

word. Directly I ran to the room of old Toby, where, not seeing any body going about, I began to look through the key-hole. With a distressed countenance, and his arms across, he walked round his room, now and then wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. I gave a gentle knock.

Who is there ? said he in a faint voice.

Dear Toby ! open your door ! I replied in a plaintive tone.

He neither answered or opened it. I knocked a second time louder than the first ; but in vain : I battered the door with my fists ; but to no purpose. Then I must break it open !—cried I in a paroxysm of rage ; and began to storm the door with my feet, my knees and my hands, my head performing the office of a battering ram.

At the noise I made, every one of the servants, both male and female, instantly coming to the place, surrounded me on all sides, with astonishment and cu-

riosity painted in their eyes—I thought the arch of heaven was tumbling down on my head.

I ran through the croud, that I might reach some solitary corner; they all followed me. Turning myself back, I addressed the most reasonable among them, and begged they would not raise an uproar, promising that I would tell them every particular. This producing not the effect I had expected, I threatened those who approached me the nearest; but to no purpose; for if a few of them staid behind, the place was directly filled up by others; so that the procession followed me in the most regular order;—till finding it impossible to get rid of them otherwise, I resolved to force my way through their ranks, and thus succeeded in a last attempt to get to my room, where I had no sooner bolted myself in than I heard several voices crying at once—Here comes my Lord! Frantick and hardly able to
fetch

fetch my breath, I threw myself on my bed, and shutting my eyes I endeavoured to drown in transports of despair my little remains of feeling.

I cannot say how long I was in this situation. The voice of Toby brought me again to my senses. I opened the door to him. He took my hand in silence, with his face turned from me; then led me across the court of the castle, through the ruins of an old decayed building, to an iron door, which having opened and bid me go in, he shut it again upon me.

C H A P. IX.

MAURICE COLLARS OLD TOBY.

NOW I had more time than necessary to reflect upon what had passed and what was to come. It was but too plain that Toby had said every thing to his master. My greatest anxiety was not concerning myself, but the Countess. I trembled at the recollection of the fiery violent temper of the Count; yet when I reflected on his behaviour to me, my apprehensions on her account vanished by degrees; for, thought I, any other than the Count would have become furious even to an excess: instead of which, he contented himself with having me put by another in a place of confinement. It is true that I could not know what were to be the consequences of this first punishment,

I W.

I was shut up in an old building, that had been in former times a tower of observation, and now served as a prison for quarrellsome people in the neighbouring villages. A winding staircase led into a dark dungeon under ground, above which a sort of room received a few rays of light, by means of two or three holes secured by great bars of iron.

Lost in my melancholy thoughts, I sat for some time on the first step which led to this dreadful mansion. The total darkness that surrounded me gave a more gloomy appearance to the sorrowful images that assailed my distressed imagination. As a greater degree of obscurity hung over my fate, the prospect of a fortunate end appeared to me the more chimerical, and these desponding images became more numerous and diversified. It will be easily believed that the recollection of Amelia was not long before it joined the multitude of others: I suffered an increasing pain in my attempts

attempts to banish this idea from my mind, and my anxiety redoubled in proportion to my efforts to conquer it.

At length I went up stairs to my new lodging, the furniture of which consisted of a stone table and a bench. At their aspect, I felt a sorrowful pang gradually increasing, as I stood considering them. Who could hinder the Count, said I at last, in a paroxysm of grief, from keeping me, for the remainder of my life, in this gloomy cell? He rules with despotic sway over his family; he has a right to punish every delinquent as he pleases. In vain I should complain; nobody could hear my groans. Even supposing that I may be heard, who will or can deliver me? The hinges of the iron door are above the power of the hatchet: the walls and bars will resist every attempt of a man.

During this soliloquy I had however tried the strength of my arm on the bars which shut the narrow casements.

The

The veil of night was already spread over my prison, when I heard a noise at the door and knew the voice of Toby. As I went down, he gave me through the wicket a piece of bread and a pitcher of water. I durst not bring you any other food, said he, in a compassionate tone; he has positively forbidden it.

What does he mean to do with me? said I to him, as I took the frugal supper.

God knows! answered Toby, turning his head back.

And the Countess? tell me, I beseech you, what he has done with her?

Nothing. For a long while this afternoon they have been walking together: he seemed to be very friendly, and several times I have seen her laughing.

Laughing! I exclaimed with indignation.

Yes, continued he; though I cannot understand more than you do what could have made them laugh. More than ten times

times he asked me—What! was he only kneeling at her feet? Yes, my Lord, said I. Old fool! said he to me, so long as he was but kneeling, there could be no harm. However, mind you keep him in close confinement, and fed upon bread and water. My Lord, said I, how long will his punishment last?—As long as I please. Oh! my dear William, these last words have rent every fibre of my heart.

Now, cried I in a fit of rage, I only wish I had you in my power, that I might hurl you down from the top of the mountain, you cursed tell-tale.

Saying this, I suddenly thrust my hand through the wicket, and seizing him by the shoulder, I shook him with the greatest violence.

Where is now the reward you expected from your indiscretion? continued I, shaking him again at every question I asked of him. Has not your folly caused me to be thrown into this dungeon? Did I not beg
of

of you not to betray me? And deaf to my intreaties, you stupid rascal, (shaking him more violently than ever) what business had you to go foolishly to your master, and tell him what you knew or did not know!

Dear me! cried he, how should I have known that there could be no harm in kneeling at the feet of the Countess!

At last I let him go; when, with his head hanging on his shoulder, and a mournful countenance, he went away, without offering to reply. At this moment I began to pity him.

C H A P. X.

ANOTHER VISIT.

AS I wanted to take up my victuals, I could not find them; for, in my contest with old Toby, I had broken the pitcher, and thrown my bread down the steps with my feet. I had no sooner found out this new misfortune, than opening the wicket, I called, Toby! Toby! with such strength of voice that more than ten times his name was re-echoed by the surrounding rocks.

At the same time I heard a voice crying with a deep sigh—O dear! I am dying!—when looking through the wicket, I saw a woman, who, overcome by fright, had fallen on the ground. She had one hand on her breast as if to fetch her breath, whilst with the other she covered her eyes.

Who is there? cried I; but was only answered by groans.

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In the name of heaven! who can be there? cried I a second time. The groans did not cease, till on a third question from me, a faint plaintive voice exclaimed—Ah! my dear William! when I knew it to be Lifette.

Well, what do you want here? said I, in an abrupt tone—to laugh, as the Countess did?

Speak lower, said she, that nobody may hear us. I stole unperceived after old Toby, and kept myself hidden until he was gone. When you began to call in such a frightful manner, I—I—

Pray be quick. Is it true that the Countess laughed?

Certainly, why not? She told such a pretty romance to the Count: he heard it with such good nature, that I had defied the most composed of all men to forbear laughing.

You have been made a Celadon, whom the very idea of his fancied paramour first brought

brought at her feet. She persuaded him that you fell in love with her, without her suspecting any thing of it, or being able to prevent it; that just at the time when Toby came to the bower, you were on your knees presenting her a nosegay, and that too with such overflowing of tenderness; that she thought every moment it would kill you; that she should undoubtedly have informed him of this comical adventure, had she not thought it better to take an opportunity to make him an eye witness of the transaction. As long as the Countess spoke, added Lifette, I kept an affected laugh, seasoning her narrative with a number of pleasant reflections, which I pretended having made as the confidant of your love. In this we succeeded so well, that the Count began to join in our laugh and gave up the point, adding, however after we had done speaking, that, notwithstanding there was something laughable in the whole story; yet it became

came not a Countess thus to sport with a poor devil, and that, had she told him of it sooner, he should have opposed it; for you were an honest lad, who had saved her life, and to deal with you in the manner we had done was a monstrous piece of ingratitude.

The Count said right! I exclaimed with a deep sigh.

What a strange man you are! interrupted the sprightly maid; do you forget it is all but a mere story? The Countess thinks very differently with respect to you.

This idea comforted me not a little. The nature of her narrative, accompanied with a constant laugh, had first offended my pride; then I began to suspect that the Countess had really meant to divert herself at my expence; for I had entirely forgotten, that she had no other means of escape.

Has not the Count yet decided any thing upon my fate? I enquired.

I must

I must lose a good honest servant, said he ; for I shall be obliged to dismiss him. People in his situation may be allowed to expose their life to save that of a Countess, but never to fall in love with her. Consequently and for his own advantage, I mean to give him his discharge, accompanied with a little memorandum.

Memorandum ! cried I, what does he mean by that ? Has he not been more explicit upon the subject ?

I spoke these words with such vehemence, that they resounded through the whole tower.

—What he meant, I cannot say.

—Did he not make any motion, either with his eyes or his hand, that might lead you to a suspicion ? Pray, tell me, don't you recollect any thing of that sort ?

Ah ! what can it be ?—I saw him lifting up his right hand and dropping it down.

How ? so ? cried I—as in the act of holding a stick or a whip ? was it ? He should

should pay with his own life such unworthy treatment—I would rather kill him and myself after.

Depend upon us ! continued Lisette ; you have nothing to fear ! a friend of the Countess is to come here to morrow, in whose fate the Count is deeply interested from some particular circumstance, though he has never seen her : we will take the opportunity of their first meeting to sue for your pardon. The stranger will be obliged to join in our entreaties, when he will not be able to refuse us.

I scarcely listened to whatever Lisette said ; for whilst she was speaking, I thought of a plan by which, according to the law of honor, I might have revenged myself of the infamy intended for me by the Count. My project was, of going to the wood, digging out my sword and regimentals, and returning to the Count as an officer and a gentleman. Thus by anticipation enjoying his astonishment, I felt so

so delighted with the idea that I began to wish that he would please to order me the memorandum; yet resolved as I was I could not convince myself, it would be acting according to the dictates of reason.

In short, if I am obliged to go! said I, in a mournful tone.

These words brought a flood of tears in the eyes of Lifette. Every expression from her mouth was accompanied with a sob; at length unable distinctly to articulate a single syllable, her doleful voice alternatively went up and down the gamut; which made a sort of music as hard to be described as unpleasant to be heard.

I was sorry that I had given a strain to such a torrent of lamentable notes. In order to quiet her, I feigned myself to be calm, and began to console her, at a time when I expected my own consolation from her. My heart was still more devoted to the Countess than I owned it to myself, though much less since I knew that she had been able to laugh, while I was lingering

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ing in a dungeon, abandoned by the whole universe. Doubtless, I shall be laughed at after I have made this candid confession; but it is not with me, but with nature that you must find fault for these irregularities.

The weight of my resentment partly fell upon Lisette; for recollecting her sprightly temper, I could not forbear suspecting her of having shared in the plans of her mistress to make me her dupe. I became instantly more silent and distrustful, into the cause of which when Lisette enquired, I told her that having lost my provisions in the subterraneous part of my prison, I was dying with hunger and thirst.

She went as quick as lightning, but returned in the same moment with an air of uneasiness and irresolution. After some hesitation, she avowed, as the reason of her quick return, that she was afraid of crossing alone in the dark the long gallery of the old castle.

I was at a loss whether I should laugh
or

or be angry; for to all appearance I thought I should be obliged to spend the night without eating or drinking, nor could Lisette have expected a more comfortable night, at the door of my prison, exposed to the cold and the dampness of the air. Of these inconveniences I reminded her; and she attempted several times to go to the castle, but was no sooner gone a few paces, than she returned to my door, trembling and hardly able to fetch her breath, till she fell a crying for her cowardice. As for myself, the more I found it improbable that I should obtain wherewith to satisfy my hunger, the more I found it increased; whilst Lisette's fear augmented in proportion with her efforts to overcome it; and thus we were both in the most deplorable situation in the world.

Yet, as there can be no circumstance ever so puzzling which a woman, by some contrivance or other will not be able to get through, Lisette at last found means

to

to get out of her dilemma. Wonderful to relate! she tied her cowardly fears—with a single thread.

Having passed my hand through the wicket, Lisette fastened a thread round my thumb, holding the ball in her hands, and in this manner she attempted to cross the long dreadful gallery.—Remember, said she as she went, now and then to pull the thread, that I may be sure it is not broken. A most admirable way to bring herself to a sense of courage! Tied with a thread at the distance of a hundred yards, to a man of known courage but closely confined in an impenetrable tower, what ghosts or spectres ever so terrible in the whole creation would not have fled before her.

Lisette soon returned provided with another shield against fear, a dark lantern; bringing at the same time every sort of pastry, which she pretended she had positively received from the Countess who she said bid me be easy till the next day,

when I might depend upon being set at full liberty. For my part I already began to be less anxious concerning the end of this dismal adventure. The Count considered the scene in the bower in a pleasant light; besides was he to discharge me with the intended *memorandum*, still I was certain of finding my instruments of vengeance in the wood where I had left them.

Yet this consoling idea lasted but a little while; for Lisette, who whilst I was eating, endeavoured to amuse me by her conversation, informed me that in the afternoon of the same day, the Count had in a hole where he had been led by his dog, discovered a sword and a suit of regimentals belonging to a S * * * officer; and that the coat was quite new and seemed to have been left in that place not very long ago. That it was presumed the officer had been murdered in the wood; and that the villains who had killed him, had bu-

ried

ried his regimentals in this hole, for fear of being detected, if they had sold it.

I was thunderstruck at this piece of intelligence. The clothes which had been found out could be no other than mine; of which I was fully convinced, by Lisette telling me that the coat was turned up with red. As it had become mouldy, continued Lisette, Old Toby, hung it in the castle court to a branch of the great elm. Under the hilt of the sword a cypher has been engraved, probably with the initials of the name of the deceased officer. Old Toby, who has examined them with some attention, says that he remembers seeing the cypher somewhere else, but his memory being in a great measure weakened by old age, he cannot recollect where.

This last circumstance completed my uneasiness; for my cypher was engraved under the hilt of my sword, and on the head of my cane, which I had not put in the hole; and there Toby had seen it;

wherefore should he happen to cast his eyes on my cane, or even remember it, I must have been undoubtedly detected.

That I might the more easily conceal my perplexity from the observation of Lisette, I pretended that I had a wish to sleep, and desired her to leave me. As she wished me a good night, I heard she was sobbing and crying; which could proceed from no other cause than her reflecting on what an uncomfortable bed I was doomed to take my rest.

C H A P. XI.

MAURICE TAKEN FOR AN ASSASSIN.

A Bed of soft down had not procured me a much better night. A thousand gloomy ideas came across my mind and prevented sleep from closing my eyes. What will become of me, I thought, when I am found to be the owner of the regimentals? Will they take me for a deserter, and as such deliver me up to my regiment; or thinking that I am a spy, who came into the country to take plans of the neighbouring fortified places, will they put me upon trial? The certainty that the Count would consider the scene in the garden, in quite a different light, when he saw me no longer in the humble capacity of a huntsman; that the consequences would become much more fatal both to his wife and myself, especially when, informed

that my regiment being quartered at L * * *, he would think it not improbable that having become acquainted with her in that town, I came under this disguise, with the intention to carry on a criminal connexion: in short, so many dreadful circumstances, the natural consequence of a discovery, appeared to me so certain and full of unavoidable dangers, that they drove me to a state of despair bordering upon distraction. No—this intolerable night, and the first two hours of the next day, can never be banished from my mind.

It was already day light, when amidst my melancholy reveries, I undesignedly picked up a piece of paper, in which the pastry was wrapped up, which Lisette had brought to me. For some time I had either rumbled it between my fingers, or slowly unfolded it, according to the different degrees of despair that agitated my mind, when happening to cast my

my eyes upon it I read the name of Amelia Lehmnitz. Thunderstruck, I could not find courage sufficient to read this letter, though it only consisted of the five following lines.

“Dearest friend, to-morrow morning,
“I shall be able to press you in my
“arms; not to leave you, before the
“deep wounds of my heart are entirely
“cured either by the healing hand of
“friendship or by—that of death.

“Amelia Lehmnitz”

This was too much for my heart to bear! I fell senseless on the ground: the shades of Amelia and her wounded and bleeding sister, fluttered around me. Shedding a torrent of tears, I ran to these beloved images and tried to grasp them in my open arms. Alas! I was confined within the
I 4 walls

walls of a dark prison, whilst they fled from me and vanished in the empty air.

This dream, in a sleepless situation, was the terrifying representation of the obscure inconsistent ideas, which, in this dreadful moment, had confounded my reason, and struck me senseless.

What an afflicting light, these five lines had thrown into my confused mind ! Then Amelia was the very friend who had written that letter to the Countess at which I had been so much alarmed ! Then the rival, at whose sight I had entirely lost the use of my reason, and whom I had run through with my sword, was no other than her own sister ! a mere joke, which I could not understand, had caused her an affliction, to which she expected no relief but from death itself. Whilst tears faded her youth, my heart was opened to the delights of a new passion, forgetful of the unfortunate object, whose misfortunes I myself occasioned. She comes, dejected
victim

victim of her love, consumed by her grief, to find me in a disgraceful prison where I have been brought by my perfidiousness—and the very friend, on whom she calls for relief, is a partner in my crime!—I knew that she was on the road, even perhaps at the castle. I wished to fly to her feet and hear from her mouth whether I should live or die; yet I could not—iron bars and doors, impenetrable walls, kept me confined within their compass. Oh! it was too much, too much for the heart of man!

How long I was in this dreadful situation, I am not able to say. A violent movement brought me again to my senses. I found that my hands were tied with strong ropes, I saw four men trying to raise me, with old Toby at their head. Formerly, said he, he had the strength of a lion; now his conscious guilt makes him as weak as a child! Yet under these features, what man could have expected

to have found the soul of a thief and a murderer?

Where am I?—cried I. Toby, do I see you? He did not answer a word. They took me up in silence, and carried me below stairs: I suffered them to do as they pleased, not knowing what they were about, nor having it in my power to reflect on the circumstance. When at the door they offered to set me up, my legs were hardly able to support me.

I was led into the great hall of the castle, where justice was usually administered. As it was crowded with people, every eye was fixed upon me, the moment I entered the hall. At the sight of my regimentals, my sword, my cane and one of my handkerchiefs, laying on a table, I started up with astonishment. A sudden murmur was heard from every part of the room. They only waited for the Count.

He arrived, followed by two women, and

and a young man, who stood under the door of an adjoining room. The servants desired the spectators to draw back, as they said, that I might be seen. At the moment when the croud dispersed, I heard a piercing shriek; heavens! it is not his murderer—It is himself! and immediately I found myself in the arms of my dear Amelia, who pressed me to her heart, and shed a flood of tears into my bosom. Alas! my hands were tied up—I could not return her embraces—I could not press her between my arms!

Old Toby was the first who ran towards us, and untied my hands, his tears dropping upon them.

I was restored to Amelia, Amelia was restored to me! Every word from our mouths, was a spark of fire that penetrating our hearts, overflowed them with a torrent of delight! O Maurice!—O Amelia!—these for a long time were the only words we could find. Eternity itself cannot

not dissolve the happy union in which we had now engaged.

C H A P. XII.

SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

MEAN while the croud of the spectators had insensibly dispersed, and we were left in the hall, where having by degrees recovered our faculties, we saw nobody but old Toby, who with joy sparkling in his eyes, informed us that the Count, with the Countess and the young gentleman (the brother of Amelia) had retired into the next room: we ran to them, holding each others hand. Amelia embraced the Countess: I hung on the neck of the Count. Mr. Lemberg, let now the past be forgotten! said he to me in a tone sufficiently serious, to make me understand that he alluded to

to the scene in the bower. Take my hand, continued he, I am your friend. With tears in my eyes, I took his hand, and pressed it to my heart. I dared not lift up my eyes upon the Countess, whose perplexity was no less than mine. She attempted to express her joyful concern in my happiness, and muttered many civil compliments, for which wanting to return my thanks, I was equally unfortunate in my attempt to find words. We were both the more awkwardly situated, as Amelia, who stood between us, wished in vain to have observed in our eyes an expression of conscious joy and tender friendship. At last her brother, who to this moment had acted the part of an indifferent spectator, proposed to leave us alone, since, he said, we could attend to nobody but ourselves; which proposal was immediately agreed to.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding we had so many things to say we nearly remained silent. I told Amelia a most confused story of my adventures since the time of our separation; and even confessed to her that I had nearly fallen in love with the Countess; at which unexpected confession a most visible sentiment of uneasiness appeared in every feature of her face; and she immediately offered me to go to Lehnwitz the very same day; that we may, said she, restore my father to life, who is dying with grief and anxiety. I accepted of her proposal, when the more to confirm me in this resolution, she positively told me that I should not hear from her any thing concerning herself, before we were on the road.

Directly going to the Count, who was with his wife and young Lehnwitz, we informed them of our plan. They thought our departure rather precipitate, although they

they opposed it but slightly. As for young Lehmnitz, he positively declared, that he should not accompany us, as he meant, before he returned to his father's house, to enjoy as much as possible, with the Count, the diversion of the field.

We had already staid two hours longer at the castle. When we were told that the carriage was ready, I felt as if my heart had been eased of a great weight. Amelia and the Countess almost suffocated each other with embraces; yet their separation brought not a tear in their eyes; mean while I held the hand of the Count and we conversed in the most serious manner, on the good and bad state of the roads which I was going to pass. At last, I kissed the hand of the Countess, with a deep bow, which she returned me. Lisette perfectly imitated the conduct of her mistress; as to old Toby, in the height

height of his greatest joy he could not help calling me Esquire William.

Driven at a great rate by four mettlesome horses we soon lost sight of the castle; when Amelia having thrown her arms round me, I pressed her in mine with the most tender affection. We seemed to have met again for the second time this day. Soon after she began her narration.

CHAP. XIII.

AMELIA'S NARRATIVE.

“DEAREST friend, in consequence of
“ an innocent harmless joke were we then
“ doomed to an eternal separation?—The
“ young man in blue regimentals, whom
“ you pierced with your sword, and would
“ doubtless have killed, had your rage
“ permitted you to aim a surer blow, was
“ my own sister. Unmindful of our cla-
“ morous cries you fled from us; for a
“ long time from the top of the terrace
“ our eyes followed you, till you totally
“ disappeared. Then I fell senseless on
“ the ground; but my sister suffering
“ more from your outrageous behaviour
“ than from her wound, ran to the castle
“ for assistance, and informed my father of
“ this tragical adventure.
“ Directly he mounted his horse, ac-
“ companied

“ accompanied with three of his servants.
“ In vain he galloped over the country :
“ night brought him back after a long
“ and useless pursuit. His rage, which he
“ first vented upon us, soon changed into
“ sentiments of grief and tenderness ; for
“ my sister and I were so weak that we
“ were obliged to be carried into our
“ beds.

“ O Maurice ! what a dreadful night
“ followed this unfortunate day !—you
“ alone can repay your poor Amelia for
“ her sufferings !

“ O Maurice !” (she laid softly her
head upon my shoulder.) “ Can you
“ ever deny me the just reward !”—

With a flood of tears I pressed her against my bosom.

“ One month, two months had passed,
“ and we did not hear of you. My father
“ himself had gone to L* * *, upon
“ enquiry, but he took the greatest care
“ not to let any thing appear which might
“ shew

“ shew his grief and astonishment, when
“ he found that nobody had heard of you.
“ —He will return, said he repeatedly,—
“ he will return to his duty : he is too sensible
“ of the laws of honor, to be absent
“ longer than he should.—This I also expected.
“ My grief, thought I, can last
“ no longer than the time he is allowed
“ by his superiors. When he is returned
“ we will dispel his error, and he will
“ again be mine !

“ Mean while—it was found ;—my
“ mother thought it proper to send me
“ from home, whatever the event might
“ be, for I—it appeared——

She hid her glowing face in my bosom.

“ Nobody ever shared so much as the
“ Countess in the sentiments of my heart.
“ As soon as she was informed of my distressing
“ situation, she invited me to her
“ house, begging that I would stay with
“ her as long as I liked. Her engaging
“ letter gave me new spirits. I had no
fooner

“ sooner taken my resolution, which was
“ approved of by my father and mother,
“ than accompanied by my brother I set out
“ upon my journey to my dearest friend,
“ to whom, in my impatience to join her,
“ I wrote from almost every stage on the
“ road.

Oh! cried I; this morning one of your letters fell into my hands, which for two hours kept me in such a state of uneasiness, as to be ever unequalled by what you may have suffered in the night you mentioned!

—She smiled, and pursued :

“ As I approached the place I was coming to, my heart felt a greater degree
“ of relief. It anticipated the pleasure of
“ meeting again a tender friend after a
“ long separation, of pressing her in my
“ arms, and shedding tears of sorrow into
“ her soothing bosom. At last arriving
“ at the castle court, a suit of regimentals
“ hanging to a tree, was the first object
“ that struck my sight. Hardly able to
“ wait

“ wait till I had examined it ; so much
“ did it resemble your own ; jumping out
“ of the carriage, I was thunderstruck,
“ when, on the same bough, I saw a hand-
“ kerchief which, from its mark, I soon
“ knew to be yours.—How came this
“ coat and handkerchief to be here ? I
“ exclaimed, transported with joy, in the
“ greatest hopes that you could not be far
“ off.—They were found buried in a
“ wood, I was answered by the old huntf-
“ man—when I fell senseless in his arms—
“ He has been murdered ! cried I—Mau-
“ rice has been murdered ! What is be-
“ come of the murderers !

“ The Count and his wife alarmed by
“ my cries hastened to meet me. I was
“ distracted and in a state of delirium.
“ My brother having explained to them
“ the cause of my trouble, they endea-
“ voured to console me ; but in vain :—
“ Maurice dead ! Maurice assassinated !
“ This

“ This was the only idea that long rested
“ on my mind.

“ Mean while the old huntsman came
“ to us, crying :—The murderer is found
“ out ! and he brought a cane in his hand
“ (it was your own,) which he said he had
“ found in the room of another huntsman,
“ now a prisoner in the castle.—I must,
“ cried I, must hear from his mouth what
“ he has done with Maurice !—Nothing
“ could have kept me from going in-
“ stantly to the prison, but the promise
“ they gave me that he was soon to ap-
“ pear.

“ The Count ordered him to be brought.
“ I was dying with impatience to see the
“ savage monster who had taken away the
“ life of my dear Maurice.—He appeared.
“ —It was Maurice himself !—My be-
“ loved Maurice ! whom a merciful God
“ restored to my heart, and whom death
“ alone can henceforth take away from
“ me !”

New

New transports and new embraces succeeded Amelia's narrative. Amidst these tender effusions of reciprocal delight, towns and villages were left unnoticed behind us. The castle of Lehnitz was the seat of our happiness; in it our fondest wishes centered. Arrived in the court, scarcely the carriage had stopped, when running to the house, and throwing open every door, we reached at last the apartment of Amelia's father. His wife and Louisa were with him. They were surprised and alarmed at our coming so unexpectedly. Excessive joy is silent: these beloved parents opening their arms with rapture, pressed us to their fond bosoms and bathed us with the sacred tears of parental tenderness, but were long before they could speak.

To the minister! to the minister! cried the Colonel at last.—Left this hot headed boy should again escape from us! O Maurice! Maurice! continued he with
tears

tears in his eyes, pressing me again to his heart—you have caused me many a bitter pang; but how great is the joy that you give me in return!



THE END.

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